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London: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, and LONGMANS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1855.

REVIEWS

Men and Women. By Robert Browning. 2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

THESE volumes contain some fifty poems, which will make the least imaginative man think, and the least thoughtful man grieve. Who will not grieve over energy wasted and power misspent, —over fancies chaste and noble, so overhung by the “seven veils” of obscurity, that we can oftentimes be only sure that fancies exist? What they are meant to typify or illustrate cannot always be detected by the eyes of even kindred dreamers. Again, in the versification of these new poems, there is an amount of extravagant licence, belonging to a superfluity of power, for which only those who have studied versification as an art will be able to account or apologize. That some among the poets having the finest musical sense have written the most irregular verses, is a fact strange and true. They have relied on the sympathy of the interpreter: they have expected him here to lean on a cadence,—there to lend accent to the rhyme, or motion to the languid phrase; in another place, to condense a multitude of syllables, so as to give an effect of concrete strength. Indeed, it may be generally declared, that for those who have not this fine artistic sense, a large proportion of modern verse is not verse at all, by reason of its licence and assumption. The artists show themselves, by their exigencies, to be less masterly than the artists of old, who had their fullest praise from the few, but their full praise also from the many,—who knew that, whereas their thoughts raised them to heights where only a limited number could bear them company, the perfection of form was such that their works, if incompletely apprehended by the ignorant, the timid, and the frivolous, had still a complete charm of their own for these,—a charm of music, a charm of imagery,—a charm which kept the idea of poetry as a separate and refined art select and holy in the popular mind. Our poets now speak in an unknown tongue,—wear whatever unpoetic garniture it pleases their conceit or their idleness to snatch up; and the end too often is, pain to those who love them best, and who most appreciate their high gifts and real nobleness,—and to the vast world, whom they might assist, they bring only a mystery and receive nothing but wonder and scorn.

We fear that no one who goes through these volumes can question the justice of our remarks on their general style; no one, we are sure, can read them with understanding, and not again and again pause over thoughts, verses, pictures,—oases in the wilderness of mist and of sand,—of a bloom and a freshness such as few modern magicians are able to conjure up. What—to give an instance from the second poem in the collection—can be more lyrical than the first verse of ‘A Lovers’ Quarrel’?

Oh, what a dawn of day!
How the March sun feels like May!
All in blue again
After last night’s rain,
And the south dries the hawthorn-spray.
Only, my Love’s away!
I’d as lief that the blue were grey.

But when the Lover begins to recall the happiness he enjoyed with his Lady-love in the cold winter time, ere they had quarrelled, we imagine that the most tolerant of lovers will find such reminiscences of past happiness as the following somewhat prosaic:—

What’s in the “Times”—a cold
At the emperor deep and cold;
He has taken a bride
To his gruesome side,

That’s as fair as himself is bold:
There she sits ermine-tooled,
And she powders her hair with gold.

Too many of Mr. Browning’s fifty poems are flawed by impertinences such as these, borne out by an audacity in Hudibrastic versification in which our author is without a rival. We do not recollect to have ever seen syllables “tossed about” with such unhesitating legerdemain, as in the lyric called ‘Old Pictures in Florence.’ But in this poem the ease is too much the ease of the acrobat, who by much practice has learnt how to disjoint his limbs, and fling himself into any conceivable attitude; and the effect is dislocation—not grace. When, however, Mr. Browning is avowedly humorous, his mastery over diction and language takes forms of a quaintness which will be precious to all who relish humour. We have a great liking for ‘Life up at a Villa,’ as described by ‘An Italian Person of Quality,’—one of those dear, insipid, voluble gentlefolks—poor, but pleasure-loving—whom Goldoni loved to draw; who hate what stands to them for country as devotedly as *Millamant* loathed walking in green fields. Listen only how the Signor or Signora (the latter it must be, we should say, could we forget how Italian men gossip over their cups of water) babbles about town and country:—

Is it ever hot in the square? There’s a fountain to spout and splash!

In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such fountains flash
On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and dash
Round the lady atop in the conch—fifty gazers do not abash,
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of sash!

All the long at the villa, nothing’s to see though you linger,

Except you cypress that points like Death’s lean lifted forefinger.

Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix in the corn and mingle,

Or thrid the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicadas is shrill,

And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the hill.

Enough of the seasons,—I spare you the months of the fever and chill.

Ere opening your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin:

No sound the bells leave off, than the diligence rattles in; You get the pic of the news, and it costs you never a pin.

You and by there’s the travelling doctor gives pills, lets

the blood, draws teeth;

Or the *Puicicello-trumpet* breaks up the market beneath,
At the post-office such a scene-picture—the new play, piping hot!

And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.

Above it, behold the archbishop’s most fatherly of rebukes, And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the Duke’s!

Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don S-

and-to Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarcha, Saint Jerome, and Cicero,

“And moreover,” (the sonnet goes rhyming,) “the skirts of St. Paul has reached,

Having preached us those six Lent-lectures more unctuous than ever he preached.”

Noon strikes,—here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling and smart

With a pink guaze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her heart!

Let us now show how Mr. Browning can turn his metrical facility to more serious account, by a capital mastery of the *terza rima*, in his opening of ‘The Statue and the Bust,’ an Italian legend.—

There’s a palace in Florence, the world knows well,
And a statue itches from the square,
And this story of both do the townsmen tell.

Ages ago, a lady there,

At the farthest window facing the east,

Asked, “Who rides by with the royal air?”

The brides-maids’ prattle around her ceased;

She leaned forth, one on either hand;

They saw how the blush of the bride increased—

They felt by its beats her heart expand—

As one at each ear and both in a breath

Whispered, “The Great-Duke Ferdinand.”

That self-same instant, underneath,

The Duke rode past in his idle way,

Empty and fine like a swordless sheath.

Gay he rode, with a friend as gay,
Till he threw his head back—“Who is she?”
—“A Bride the Riccardi brings home to-day.”

Hair in heaps laid heavily
Over a pale brow spirit-pure—

Carved like the heart of the coal-black tree,
Crisped like a war-steed’s enclosure—

Which vainly sought to dissemble her eyes
Of the blackest black our eyes endure.

And lo, a blade for a night’s emprise
Filled the fine empty sheath of a man,—

The Duke grew straightway brave and wise.

He looked at her, as a lover can;

She looked at him, as one who awakes.—

The past was a sleep, and her life began.

As love so ordered for both their sakes,

A feast was held that self-same night

In the pile which the mighty shadow makes.

(For *Via Larga* is three-parts light,
But the Palace overshadows one,

Because of a crime which may God require!

To Florence and God the wrong was done,

Through the first republic’s murder there

By Cosimo and his cursed son.)

The Duke (with the statue’s face in the square)

Turned in the midst of his multitude

At the bright approach of the bridal pair.

Face to face the lovers stood

A single minute, and no more,

While the bridegroom bent as a man subdued—

Bowed till his bonnet brushed the floor—

For the Duke or the lady a kiss conferred,

As the courtly custom was of yore.

In a minute can lovers exchange a word?

If a word did pass, which I do not think,

Only one out of the thousand heard.

That was the bridegroom.

Those who love old Italian stories will not be long, we imagine, ere they get to the end of the tale so powerfully begun. If its moral be avoided, this legend may almost pair off with its author’s ‘Laboratory,’ which, of its order, we have always held to be one of the most complete poems existing in any language. The following short lyric is also full of power, picture, and prophecy, though the last verse is clumsier than it needed to have been.—

It was roses, roses, all the way,
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad.

The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,

The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,

A year ago on this very day!

The air broke into a mist with bells,

The old walls rocked with the crowds and cries.

Had I said, “Good folks, mere noise repels

But give me your sun from yonder skies!”

They had answered, “And afterward, what else?”

Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,

To give it my loving friends to keep,

Nought man could do have I left undone,

And you see my harvest, what I reap

This very day, now a year is run.

There’s nobody on the house-tops now—

Just a palsied few at the windows set—

For the best of the sight is, all allow,

At the Shambles’ Gate—or, better yet,

By the very scaffold’s foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and more than needs,

A rope cuts both my wrists behind,

And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,

For they fling, whoever has mind,

Stone at me for my year’s misdeeds.

Thus I entered Brescia, and thus I go!

In such triumphs, people have dropped down dead.

“Thou, paid by the World,—what dost thou owe

Me?” God might have questioned; but now instead

“Tis God shall require! I am safer so.

With ‘The Patriot’ may be grouped ‘Holy-Cross Day’—a lyric of Roman Jews, forced to attend the sermon when the annual batch of Jewish converts to Catholicism is displayed—and the ‘Heretic’s Tragedy,’ a grim version of the rejoicings amid which Jacques du Bourg-Molay was burnt at Paris, A.D. 1314; but the first is too unctuously coarse in its heresy, and the second too ghastly in its bigotry, to be welcome, albeit both must be recognized as remarkable examples of power. Old crucifixions, martyrdoms, and saintly legends could be cited by Quintin Matsys and like painters, which the most devout lover of the ancients passes in a picture gallery shuddering, though their reality and the brightness of the colours forbid him to

give the order for their expulsion. Such are these two poems.

In other of Mr. Browning's 'Men and Women,' his love poems, we have power and passion without this hideous unloveliness; and, together with power and passion, a tenderness such as few men now command. The melancholy trust and affection breathed in that farewell of a dying woman, 'Any Wife to any Husband,'—the music and picture in 'A Serenade at the Villa,' tempt us; but perhaps more manageable, and in point of form and delicacy of feeling newer, is the opening of the lyric 'In a Year.'

Never any more
While I live,
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill,
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Sing still.
Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love began.
I as little understand
Love's decay.
When I sewed or drew,
I recall
How he looked as if I sang,
—Sweetly too.
If I spoke a word,
First of all
Up his cheek the color sprang,
Then he heard.
Sitting by my side,
At my feet,
So he breathed the air I breathed,
Satisfied!
I, too, at love's brim
Touched the sweet:
I would die if death bequeathed
Sweet to him.

Among the love poems may be classed the dramatic scene 'In a Balcony,'—a tragedy of three scenes. The persons are an old Queen, who loves one of her statesmen, the man himself, and the young noble lady whose hand he seeks from his sovereign, as guerdon for the benefits he has rendered her. Let any one compare Mr. Browning's sketch of the elder woman, surprised by her misinterpretation of *Norbert's* entreaty to her into an avowal of her own passion for him, with the 'Marie Tudor' of Victor Hugo, and the intimate knowledge and delicacy of the English dramatist will assert themselves in all their superiority. A few speeches may be detached, though by detaching them they suffer. The younger woman is waiting in the balcony for the result of *Norbert's* suit to the Queen. The Queen, as we have said, has misunderstood this, owing to the manner in which it was phrased.—

Constance. You did not hear, you thought he spoke
Of love? what if you should mistake?
Queen. No, no—
No mistake! Ha, there shall be no mistake!
He had not dared to hint the love he felt—
You were my reflex—how I understood!
He said you wore the ribbon I had worn,
He kissed my hand, he looked into my eyes,
And love, love was the end of every phrase.
Love is begun—this much is come to pass,
The rest is easy. Constance, I am yours—
I will learn, I will place my life on you,
But teach me how to keep what I have won.
Am I so old? this hair was early grey;
But joy are now has brought hair brown again,
And joy will bring the cheek's red back, I feel.
I could sing once too; that was in my youth.
Still, when men paint me, they declare me, yes,
Beautiful—for the last French painter did!
I know they flatter somewhat; you are frank—
I trust you. How I loved you from the first!
Some queens would hardly seek a cousin out
And set her by their side to take the eye:
I must have felt that good would come from you.
I am not generous—like him—like you!
But he is not your lover after all—
It was not you he looked at. Saw you him?
You have not been mistaking words or looks?
He said you were the reflex of myself—
And yet he is not such a paragon
To you, to younger women who may choose
Among a thousand Norberts. Speak the truth!
You know you never named his name to me—

You know, I cannot give him up—ah God,
Not up now, even to you!

Constance. Then calm yourself.
Queen. See, I am old—look here, you happy girl,
I will not play the fool, deceive myself:
'Tis all gone—put your cheek beside my cheek—
Ah, what a contrast does the mom behind!
But then I set my life upon one chance,
The last chance and the best—am I not left,
My soul, myself? All women love great men,
If young or old—it is in all the tales—
Young beauties love old poets who can love—
Why should not he the poems in my soul,
The love, the passionate faith, the sacrifice,
The constancy? I throw them at his feet.
Who cares to see the fountain's very shape,
And whether it be a Triton's or a Nymph's?
That pours the foam, make rainbows all around?
You could not praise indeed the empty conch;
But I'll pour floods of love and hide myself.
How I will love him! cannot men love love?
Who was a queen and loved a poet once
Humpbacked, a dwarf? all, woman can do that!
Well, but men too! at least, they tell you so.
They love as many women in their youth,
And even in age they all love whom they please;
And yet the best of them confide to friends
That's not beauty makes the lasting love—
They spend a day with such and tire the next;
They like soul,—well, then, they like phantasy,
Nobly even.

Ere we have done with the love verses in these volumes, we must advert to the last poem, the epilogue in which the Poet lays his work at the feet of his wife; and from this take its opening lines as our last extract.—

There they are, my fifty men and women
Naming me the fifty poems finished!
Take them, Love, the book and me together.
Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.
Rafael made a century of sonnets,
Made and wrote them in a certain volume
Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil
Else he only used to draw Madonnas:
These, the world might view—but one, the volume.
Who that one? you ask. Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her life-time?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die, and let it drop beside her pillow?
Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?
You and I would rather read that volume,
(Taken to his beating bosom by it),
Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,
Would we not? than wonder at Madonnas—
Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,
Her, that visits Florence in a vision,
Her, that's left with lilies in the Louvre—
Seen by us and all the world in circle.
You and I will never read that volume.

Why one who can pour out his thoughts, fancies, stores of learning, and emotions, with an eloquent and direct sincerity such as this, should, so often as Mr. Browning has here done, prefer to rhyme the pleadings of a casuist, or the arguments of a critic, or the ponderous discourses of some obsolete schoolman—why he should turn away from themes in which every one can answer to his sympathies, and from modes of the lyre which find their echoes wherever hearts and ears know aught of music—is an enigma no less painful than perplexing, the unriddling of which is possibly reserved for no contemporary. We had hoped that 'Men and Women' would enable us to register progress in the poet's mind (always rich to overflowing) and in the artist's hand (always able to draw whatever its owner pleased). The riches and the ability are there, but the employment and the expression of them seem to us, on the whole, more perverse, personal, and incomplete than they were formerly.

The Art of Perfumery, and the Methods of obtaining the Odours of Plants; with Instructions for the Manufacture of Perfumes for the Handkerchief, Scented Powders, Odorous Vinegars, Dentifrices, Pomatums, Cosmetiques, Perfumed Soap, &c. By G. W. Septimus Piesse. Longman & Co.

PERFUMES, like pleasures, must be kept at a little distance to be the more thoroughly and safely enjoyed. The former would be kept at a greater distance than is now the case, did ladies

only know the composition or the origin of the material which they so delightedly inhale or complacently fling about them. To the ladies it is especially due that perfumers flourish, and that their patrons walk about—as Mrs. Keeley says in the farce—"smelling heavenly"—of Atkinson."

The Germans appear to have been skilled in the preparation of perfumes; and we have somewhere seen it asserted that where much perfumery is needed there is something very questionable about the person employing it. It would seem, at all events, that the Germans were once a people of strong scents. There was a monk at Prague who was wont to declare that he could always tell an honest or dishonest German by the difference of smell!

In the history of perfumes there is not much that has been left untold; and we do not find that Mr. Piesse has supplied anything not previously set down. Indeed, to do him justice, he professes rather to give a hand-book for perfumers than the history of perfumes themselves. What he professes he effectually accomplishes, and those curious in the matter of manufactured odours will find a competent guide in the author.

The concoction of these pleasant essences has had dignity attached to it by the character of those who have addressed their faculties thereto. The richest merchants, in very early days, dealt in perfumes, or the materials for making that which was to incense the altar or perfume the palace. The ablest alchemists were most successful in the—often accidental—discovery of the sweetest perfumes. The noble Frangipani invented the scented sweetness which bears his name; and, indeed, the *ros solis*, or sun-dew, also. The venerable Galen, too, was the inventor of that mixture of grease and water, called Cold Cream. We do not fancy, however, that if his prescription were followed the result would be the "Cold Cream" of our modern days. There would be found as much difference between the two, as there is between the Russian and Huron languages, which Le Clerc pronounced to be nearly identical.

If there have been noble and scientific compilers, so to speak, of perfumes, the venders have ever been remarkable as realizers of vast profits. This may be said to have been the case in all times. There is even now a fabulous gain realized upon some of the articles, and it was doubtless the same when guests seldom lay down at great banquets without being preliminarily half-wetted through with odoriferous showers. At that time, the High Street of Capua was possessed entirely by the perfumers. In Sybaris, the profession was more respectable than the Church. In England, if it be not more respectable, it is, in nine cases out of ten, more profane.

The South of Europe is said to be the only real garden for the perfumer,—not that the flowers of Southern latitudes are the sweetest. This is not the case: they are the most prolific of odour; but the flowers of colder latitudes are the sweetest of scent. England herself takes a very respectable position. She is superior to all other countries for lavender and peppermint. "The essential oils extracted from these plants,—grown at Mitcham, in Surrey,—realize eight times the price in the market of those produced in France or elsewhere; and are fully worth the difference for delicacy of odour." The following statistics are of pleasant interest:

"British India and Europe consume annually, at the very lowest estimate, 150,000 gallons of perfumed spirits, under various titles such as *eau de Cologne*, *essence of lavender*, *esprit de rose*, &c. The art of perfumery does not, however, confine itself to the production of scents for the handkerchief and bath, but extends to imparting odour to in-

odorous bodies, such as soap, oil, starch, and grease, which are consumed at the toilette of fashion. Some idea of the commercial importance of this art may be formed, when we state that one of the large perfumers of Grasse and Paris employs annually 80,000 lb. of orange flowers, 60,000 lb. of cassie flowers, 54,000 lb. of rose leaves, 32,000 lb. of jasmine blossoms, 32,000 lb. of violets, 20,000 lb. of tuberose, 16,000 lb. of lilac, besides rosemary, mint, lemon, citron, thyme, and other odorous plants in larger proportion. In fact, the quantity of odoriferous substances used in this way is far beyond the conception of those even used to abstract statistics."

The origin of the use of patchouly as a perfume in Europe, is described by the author as "curious":—

"A few years ago real Indian shawls bore an extravagant price, and purchasers could always distinguish them by their odour; in fact, they were perfumed with patchouly. The French manufacturers had for some time successfully imitated the Indian fabric, but could not impart the odour. At length they discovered the secret, and began to import the plant to perfume articles of their make, and thus palm off home-spun shawls as real Indian! From this origin the perfumers have brought it into use. Patchouly herb is extensively used for scenting drawers in which linen is kept; for this purpose it is best to powder the leaves and put them into muslin sacks, covered with silk, after the manner of the old-fashioned lavender bag. In this state it is very efficacious in preventing the clothes from being attacked by moths."

It is pretty well agreed that Shakespeare knew everything, or nearly so; and he certainly had an excellent idea of the uses of one plant when he said—

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Rosemary is the leading ingredient in the once famous "Hungary Water,"—which took its name from one of the Queens of Hungary, who is reported to have derived great benefit from a bath containing it, at the age of seventy-five years." The author adds,—

"There is no doubt that clergymen and orators, while speaking for any time, would derive great benefit from perfuming their handkerchiefs with Hungary water or eau de Cologne, as the rosemary they contain excites the mind to vigorous action, sufficient of the stimulant being inhaled by occasionally wiping the face with the handkerchief wetted with these 'waters.' Shakespeare giving us the key, we can understand how it is that such perfumes containing rosemary are universally said to be 'so refreshing'!"

Mr. Piesse calculates that the total revenue derived from various sources from the substances with which "Britannia perfumes her pocket-handkerchief," cannot be less than 40,000/- per annum. All perfumes sold in England as foreign, are not, however, of foreign manufacture. The difference between the two is immediately discernible by any one who can distinguish between the fine grape spirit employed in France and the corn spirit in England. On which subject here is something that may interest others as well as the purchasers of perfumes:—

"If an English perfumer attempts to make eau de Portugal, &c., to bear any comparison as a fine odour to that made by Lubin of Paris, without using grape spirit, his attempt will prove a failure. True, he makes eau de Portugal even with English corn spirit, but judges of the article—and they alone can stamp its merit—discover instantly the same difference as the connoisseur finds out between 'Patent British' and foreign brandy. Perhaps it may not be out of place here to observe that what is sold in this country as British brandy is in truth grape spirit, that is, foreign brandy very largely diluted with English spirit! By this scheme, a real semblance to the foreign brandy flavour is maintained; the difference in duty upon English and foreign spirit enables the makers of the 'capsuled' article to undersell those who vend the unsophisticated Cognac."

Mr. Piesse states that the lasting odour of Russia leather is due to the aromatic saunders-wood with which it is tanned, and to the empyreumatic oil of the bark of the birch-tree with which it is curried. *Peau d'Espagne* is wash leather which has been steeped in a mixture of ottos. The use of the latter in perfuming letter-paper is thus explained:—

"If a piece of peau d'Espagne be placed in contact with paper, the latter absorbs sufficient odour to be considered as 'perfumed'; it is obvious that paper for writing upon must not be touched with any of the odorous tinctures or ottos, on account of such matters interfering with the fluidity of the ink and action of the pen; therefore, by the process of infection, as it were, alone can writing paper be perfumed to advantage."

We add one more extract for the benefit of those who, though using pomatum, are ignorant of the meaning and derivation of the term:—

"The name of pomatum is derived from *pomum*, an apple, because it was originally made by macerating over-ripe apples in grease. If an apple be stuck all over with spice, such as cloves, then exposed to the air for a few days, and afterwards macerated in purified melted lard, or any other fatty matter, the grease will become perfumed. Repeating the operation with the same grease several times, produces real 'pomatum.'"

The apple has ceased to be employed in modern times; and those who would know how "pomades and oils" are manufactured, are referred to Mr. Piesse's chapter under that heading. It is not the least amusing in his useful volume.

History of the French Revolution—[*Histoire de la Révolution Française*]. By Louis Blanc. Vol. VII. Paris, Langlois & Leclercq.

In two respects M. Louis Blanc, as an historian of the French Revolution, surpasses his predecessors. His method is more critical, and a large proportion of the matter, in this volume at least, is new. He observes, with reason, that to compose such a narrative is to plead for the judicial verdict of posterity upon men and upon events; and that he must be arrogant or careless who, after his statement of facts, does not cite and examine witnesses, confront discrepant authorities, analyze their evidence, and attempt to reconcile their contradictions. The French Revolution, in particular, has been described to excess by partisans. To repeat the popular versions, with their exaggerations, omissions, and errors, is to confuse confusion, to multiply shadows, and to prefer tradition to history. The indolent and the frivolous have adopted this course because it licenses them to fill stage scenes with stage performers, and to vivify their relation by the use of panoramic colours and effects. Writers of a different tendency have viewed that marvellous epoch through a deluding medium, and have reflected upon it the phantasmagoria of their imaginations. M. Louis Blanc, with a better appreciation of his historical duty, has consulted neither his ease nor his prejudices, but has sought, at every step, impartial testimony. He will have his reward; for though this spirit of equity forces him at times to condemn names dear to himself, and to all who partake of his sympathies, it must have the result of distinguishing his book as the one *History of the French Revolution*. We may be always fascinated by the flowing and sparkling story, as presented by M. de Lamartine; we shall assuredly value M. Michelet's brilliant, but confused and inaccurate, pictures; but to comprehend the French Revolution,—as it began and as it ended,—as it developed its crimes and its virtues,—as it was influenced by the King and by the Coalition, by the Girondins and by the Mountain, the student must in future take up the work of M. Louis Blanc.

Among the fresh materials collected by him for the rectification of errors concerning the Revolution, he has derived a large number from the library of the British Museum.—

In the department of contemporary narratives, fragmentary pieces, for or against the Revolution, speeches, reports, satires, songs, statistical tables, &c., the Catalogue contains, on the affair of Collier alone, three enormous bundles; on the Parliaments, six; on the States-General, seventy-five; on the Clubs, twenty-nine; on the Emigrants, twenty-eight; on the Colonies, forty-five; on Robespierre, twelve; on Camille Desmoulins, thirteen; on Brissot, five; on Marat, thirteen; on Babeuf, ten.

M. Louis Blanc enumerates in the same list many other subjects largely illustrated in this collection. "It is curious to remark," he adds, "that during this terrible period, the gaiety of the French people by no means diminished—that under the head *Facétiae* alone, there are sixty-four parcels."

Of histories, properly so called, the collection exhibits more than 130 titles, besides a multitude of journals such as *The Thermometer of the Day*, *The Journal of Friends*, *The Devil's Journal*, *The Peep of Day*, *The Patriot's Friend*, *The Iron Mouth*, *The People's Defender*, *The National Scourge*, *The Plebeian Orator*, *The Piebald Journal*, some of them emulating, in the dismal eccentricity of their appellations, certain British periodicals which, during the Anti-Corn Law ferment, reached only the embryo stage of a "prospectus;" among others, *Bread and Blood*; or, the *Chartist Chopper*.

The first chapter of M. Louis Blanc's seventh volume is occupied with the formal dethronement of the King by the Republican Club. The position of affairs was, perhaps, the most involved in history. The Girondins, fallen from power, were willing to regain it by sacrificing the principle of the Revolution and conciliating the King. The King, relying on foreign aid, spurned their proposals. The Continental Coalition, preparing to assist him, prepared also the devastation of France and a reign of terror. The party of the Mountain held on its way, but without violence. The populace, exasperated by a public avowal of treason in the Court, was moved as by a tempest.

M. Louis Blanc proves that which is ignored by M. Michelet—the important circumstance, that the Girondins, weak and selfish, endeavoured, in July, to re-enter the cabinet of Louis the Sixteenth, by proposing to secure the safety of his crown on condition of being vested with power.—

But the Prussians would arrive. The Court already imagined that it heard the tramp of liberating armies. The Prussians would arrive; Luckner, fictitiously defeated, would fly; Lafayette would turn the point of his sword, not against the enemy, but against the Jacobins; and the counter-revolution, already occupying important positions in the Assembly, in the administrative departments, in the heart of the great cities, and along the frontier, would everywhere prevail. Louis the Sixteenth thought he could now dispense with allies who had once been his masters, and who designed to be his masters again. The offer of the Girondist chiefs was disdainfully rejected.

The Republican reign of Terror, suggested by a Girondin, may be allowed to have been infamous. But what act related in history was so infamous as the plan of the coalesced Kings, the programme of their terror, aimed, not at a class, but at a whole population? France, it was proclaimed, would be invaded by Austrians and Prussians, and every man who dared to defend his soil and nation would be put to death upon the field, as a rebel, and his house would be demolished or burnt. Further, the monarchs declared,—

That if the City of Paris did not give the King complete liberty and pay him due respect, the

Coalesced Princes would hold responsible every individual in the National Assembly, in the departments, in the district, in the municipality, in the National Guard. Every one of these would be tried for his life, without hope of pardon, by a military tribunal. That if the Palace were entered by force, or otherwise violated, a signal and memorable vengeance would befall Paris, which would be given up to a general military execution and to total ruin.

—Thus was terror suggested on a grand scale.

The graceless people never conceived a scheme of bloodshed and atrocity so vast as this project contained in the Manifesto of the Coalition, the text of which is printed at length in M. Louis Blanc's Appendix. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia were its authors; but the Duke of Brunswick signed it. He hesitated, and was ashamed; and it is even said that some of the worst phrases were interlined after his signature as Generalissimo of the Coalition had been obtained.

On the 28th of July this Manifesto was received in Paris. An indescribable fury took possession of the public mind. The people saw the King, in the midst of them, beckoning to foreign armies, the leaders of which threatened France with a general massacre, and Paris with utter destruction. They knew he was instigating the generals of the national army to acts of treason and cowardice. It was natural then, that while their ardour rose against the enemy beyond their frontiers, that their patriotic passions should be excited against the wretched prince who was promising himself that for every restraint temporarily imposed on his despotism Paris would atone by a praetorian massacre. If the horrors of the ensuing period are to be explained, they are to be explained through the discovery, by the French people, of this astounding plot. They punished its authors, and some of the innocent fell with the guilty; but certainly, the Terror exercised by the Jacobin Club never equalled that proposed by the Anointed Coalition.

The throne fell. Napoleon Bonaparte, at the moment when the royal palace was forced, emerged from a shop on the Place du Carrousel, and saw how a sovereign may surrender his crown. Here was he, who had been scheming how to raise an income by letting furnished houses, who had pledged his watch, and depended on the Minister's caprice for re-admission into the army,—for Bonaparte had evaded his regimental duties, had been charged with desertion and treason, had been arrested, imprisoned, suspended, and twice dismissed,—here was he looking on, as the scene of the Revolution widened, leaving the palace empty, and opening broad vistas to a desperate ambition. Picturing, with graphic effect, the incidents of this day, M. Louis Blanc presents the test of his own accuracy, and questions a succession of authorities. The 10th of August has usually been described upon the testimony of Peltier, whose misrepresentations, gross as they are, pass, like bad coin, in the dark. He exalts the virtues of the King's Swiss Militia, asserting that Maudat, who commanded this venal regiment, ordered it to disperse the people "without shedding blood." This affirmation is at once disproved by a quotation from Maudat's instructions, in which he tells the Swiss to let the crowd go by, that they might fall on them from the rear. Peltier and his copyists describe the King and Queen as examples of dignity and heroism, on the day of the massacre. Peltier was not present to observe them; but Rœderer, who was, talks of the pitiable terrors of Marie-Antoinette, who displayed, he says, "no heroism, no poetical or Roman courage." And Duval, a violent Royalist, admits that the behaviour of Louis the Sixteenth was such as would have dissipated the courage of the most

courageous. Moreover, Peltier and others represent the Swiss as a band of warriors assailed by a savage multitude, and provoked to fight for their lives. "No, no," remarks M. Louis Blanc; "they were not slaughtered like a harmless flock: they fell, with weapons in their hands, amid the deluge of blood which they themselves had spilt, in the service of a King who had fled, while they were dying for him!"

The judicial investigation arising out of these events was followed by some executions. Connected with one of these, M. Louis Blanc has extracted an anecdote from the *Moniteur*.—

The execution of Vimal, of the Abbé Sauvade, and of Guillot, took place next. A terrible circumstance signalized this execution, which was carried out by torchlight. At the very moment that the executioner, grasping the head of one of the condemned, showed it to the people, he was seized with an unaccountable horror, and fell dead upon the scaffold.

At first the tribunals exhibited a desire to prove their lenity; but the despair of Paris, when post after post was surrendered to the enemy, added to the rigour of the judges. Sedan, Mézières, and Verdun, were on the point of capitulation; Longwy had been infamously surrendered. It was then that Paris was surprised into its passion, when Gorsas traced a plan for reducing it by famine, when its entire population was menaced with death, when the League of Kings declared "that a desert is preferable to a revolted city." From Verdun the enemy was expected; and the friends of the throne waited impatiently for the conflagration of the capital.—

An unexampled fever was excited in every mind. At noon a gun was fired—the signal of alarm. This warlike summons—the loud appeal of the tocsin—the rolling of the drums—made Paris tremble. Every man seized or looked for a sword. On, against the foe! "But is the foe at Verdun only? They who invited him, who triumphed in his victories, who rely on him for the satisfaction of their vengeance and the restoration of their insolent power, shall we leave them behind us, that they may slaughter, if we perish, our wives and our children? Let us strike before we go! To the prisons!"

—Thus, from frenzy sprang the Terror; M. Louis Blanc adding to the picture of the Revolutionary tribuna some new and authentic details, and helping by a few touches of nature to humanize the scene.—

As soon as the prisoner appeared, he was interrogated by the President, who adjured him to utter the truth. Woe to him if he lied! Falsehood was death to him; many were acquitted simply because to the formidable question "Are you a Royalist?" they had boldly replied "I am." To speak firmly was in the eyes of the judges a sign of innocence. In the event of condemnation, and to spare the accused, up to the last moment, the sense of his certain doom, the formula was adopted—*A La Force*; but in *La Force* itself the phrase was *Set him free!* Immediately the prisoner was conducted outside, and his execution took place amid the most mournful silence. But what a contrast if he were acquitted! Joy beamed on every countenance; the air rang with patriotic cries. The happy citizen was enthusiastically embraced. Even the most ferocious of the executioners reared him in their bloody arms, bore him triumphantly to his home, and shouted all the way— "Hats off!—salute the Innocent."

Another of M. Louis Blanc's interpolations explodes a popular story—ghastly in itself, and usually related with ghastly unction.—

Who has forgotten the anecdote of Mdlle. de Sombreuil embracing her father, disputing with death, disarming murderers by the spectacle of her courage, by her beauty, by her devotion, by her tears! But this circumstance is always ignored:—that when she was on the point of swooning, one of these monstrous men, touched by a sudden emotion, ran to her, and offered her a cup of water, into which, at the moment it approached her lips, a drop of blood fell from his polluted hands. Such was the origin of that hideous

fable which presents us Mdlle. de Sombreuil compelled, as the condition of her father's pardon, to drink a goblet full of human blood."

It is to be remarked that Peltier, Maton, and La Varenne, addicted as they are to the invention of dramatic agony, omit all notice of this cannibal tale. In the *Revolutions of Paris* it is admitted that the lady was borne through the crowd in the reddened arms of the executioners, "with all the reverence due to her sex and to her innocence." In other respects M. Louis Blanc, examining step by step the narratives of MM. Michelet and Lamartine, corrects their versions of the events of September.

In a similar style, at once picturesque and critical, the history is pursued, until the volume closes with the trial of the King. The chapter on the September executions is headed 'Remember St.-Bartholomew.' The next is 'The French Thermopylae,' followed by 'The Mountain and the Gironde Face to Face,' 'The Republic triumphant,' 'Dumouriez in the Presence of Marat,' 'Fury of the Girondists,' 'Trial of the King.'

This seventh volume is one of the most important in M. Louis Blanc's History, as well as one of the most ably written. It presents a large selection of evidence, which will be new to the reader. Historical students must be grateful to a writer who has effected so much towards the completion of the story of Revolutionary France.

M. Tullii Ciceronis Orationes. With a Commentary by George Long. Vol. II. Whittaker & Co.

WHEN Mr. Long's edition of the *Verrine Orations* appeared, we took occasion [Athen. No. 1260] to bear our cordial testimony to its merits. The present volume does justice to Cicero,—to the "Bibliotheca Classica," of which it is a part,—and to Mr. Long himself.

Besides his knowledge of Roman law and his scholarship, Mr. Long has a merit still rarer in commentators,—he has a capital style. Frequently in reading Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of Biography and Mythology,' we have seen occasion to observe that no articles are better executed in that respect than his,—nor so well, indeed, unless we except Prof. Ramsay's. He writes sharply, tersly and neatly,—not without a certain grim humour when exposing a predecessor. He illustrates the antique world, too, by copious and happy references to our modern life,—and this gives reality and freshness to his pages which fits them for the enjoyment not only of professed scholars, but of politicians, men of the world and men of letters.

The present volume contains some of Cicero's most valuable legal orations (including that 'Pro Cluentio,' which Niebuhr recommends to the study of youth);—the admirable 'De Imperio Gn. Pompeii,' more commonly called the 'Pro Lege Maniliæ';—and the important speeches against Rullus and his Agrarian Law, delivered in his consulship, and which mark an era in his political life. We especially commend the "Introduction" to these 'De Lege Agraria' orations to the attention of those who wish to see a lucid statement of the position of the Roman government with relation to its territory and its colonists. All the political troubles of the later days of the Republic are inextricably mixed up with the Agrarian question. The following passages bring vividly before the eye some of the leading causes of that state of things which produced ferocious agitation, riots, and civil wars,—which filled city and country with bloodshed and devastation,—and after sweeping away almost every great man of the time by a violent death, left

the State a despotism—the influence of which modern States feel to this day.—

Before the time of the Gracchi a great change had taken place in the agriculture of Italy. The old peoples of Italy were settled in towns, as already observed, and each town had its small territory. In this state of society there could be no large estates, and the lands were cultivated chiefly by the owners, who were free men. This was the case also in the early and the heroic age of Rome. When estates are small, a man wants no labourers except himself and his family; a slave would be a burden rather than a benefit. But the Roman conquests changed all this. Rome ruined the prosperity and destroyed the manhood of Italy. She made a waste and a desert of this fair peninsula. Conquest gave Rome land and slaves; and large possessions required many labourers. Labour was not purchased with money, but labour was done by compulsion, by slaves who worked in chains, and who were treated like beasts. Slaves were held in great numbers both by the Romans and the inhabitants of the Municipia, for they also contrived to lay hold of vacant lands. The small cultivator could not exist under this system. He was liable to serve in the army, his land was neglected in his absence or ill managed by his family, and his little property was encroached on by his powerful neighbours (Appian, B. C. i. 7—9; Plutarch, Ti. Gracchus, 8, 9; Florus, iii. 13; Livy, Ep. 58; Sallust, Jug. 41). It is impossible that a body of small cultivators can ever exist by the side of men of large estates, when the large estates are cultivated by slaves. Whatever may be the disadvantages of small farms, when we consider them purely with reference to production, the possession of land in small allotments encourages marriage and the procreation of children; and the production of men to supply the consumption of her eternal wars was necessary for the existence of Rome. Such was the state of Italy when Tiberius Gracchus attempted a reform, or rather a revolution, which shook Rome to its foundation, and cost him and his brother their lives. For no man can with impunity touch the interests of a powerful class. If he cannot completely humble it, he will perish in the attempt. There are contests in which a man should not engage, except he has the power and the will to destroy his enemy. * * The object of the reforms of Ti. Gracchus (B.C. 133) was to give land to the poor citizens, to restore the class of small land owners. His Colonies were simply bodies of poor citizens to whom land was to be given to enable them to live and to procreate. The Lex of Gracchus limited the amount of a Possessio to 500 'jugera' as the Licinian had done, but it allowed also 250 'jugera' to a Possessor in respect of each son, and it indemnified the Possessor for what was taken from him. A commission of three persons, who were to be renewed yearly, was appointed to separate private property from the public land, and to resume for the State such part of the public land in any man's possession as exceeded the amount allowed by the Lex. The indemnifying of the Possessores shows that Gracchus was honest; but he made a mistake if he thought that he could satisfy the rich by this concession. The land thus resumed and all the Ager Publicus which was let, except some parts of the Ager Publicus, were to be distributed among those who had no land, but it was charged with a payment, an annual payment, we may assume (Plut. C. Gracchus, c. 9). It was a provision of this Lex that the grantees of this public land were not allowed to sell their allotments (Appian, B. C. i. 10, 27). This provision shows clearly, as we might infer even without it, that the owners of small allotments often sold their land from necessity, and thus the large estates became still larger. But to give a poor man a piece of land and not to allow him to sell it, is only a step more absurd than the giving of land to a man who has no means of cultivating it. * * After the murder of C. Gracchus, a Lex was enacted which empowered the owner of assigned land to sell it (Appian, B. C. i. 27); and 'immediately the rich bought of the poor, or on these pretexts drove them from their lands; and things became even worse for the poor, until Spurius Borius, a "tribunus plebis," proposed a Lex, that the (public) land should no longer be assigned, but that it should be the property of those who held it, who were to pay to the State a "vectigal" (φόρος), the

produce of which was to be for distribution. This was indeed some comfort to the poor by reason of the distribution of the produce of this "vectigal"; but it was of no use for helping population.' * * We do not know what was the annual consumption of men in the Roman armies at this time; but we know that the armies were recruited with difficulty. The consumption of men in war may be so great that a sufficient supply can scarcely be got after leaving men enough to till the fields and to do other necessary work. Italy was now filled with slaves, the old Italian cultivator was disappearing, and Rome, after ruining the population of Italy, had to recruit her armies from all parts of her empire.'

All this is full of the freshest and most modern interest,—for how much have we not heard this autumn of the difficulty of raising men in the Highlands,—of the abolition of small farms,—and of the degradation of agricultural labourers?

A shorter passage, in a different strain, (from a note,) will be useful to those who see in the heroic parts of a nation's history rather mythical exaggeration than poetized truth. There is a moral earnestness here, which reminds us of favourite passages in the 'History of Rome,' by Dr. Arnold.—

Those who do not believe in the substantial truth of the history of a Fabricius show more self-sufficiency than sense. Great deeds, great lives, and heroic characters are not inventions. Fiction alone never made such characters. Rome had an age when men lived heroic lives; not all men, but some. A nation of heroes would indeed be a fiction. These noble men filled the highest offices of the State, and both before and after they lived in honourable poverty (patientia paupertatis ornatos); honourable poverty, a very contradiction in modern times. No titles of rank obscured the name of an illustrious Roman: no gifts of money, of wide estates, no pensions paid for services which are above all price. The consciousness of having served his country and the admiration of his countrymen were the rewards of the heroic Roman. States live and are great by great examples. Religious systems are founded and exist by great lives. It is a living man which makes a thing live; there is no life else either in a state or in religion. Wealth, rank, title, are not the rewards of merit; there is an ambition which they cannot satisfy. The man who led the armies of the United States and settled the Republic in peace; who received the thanks of his countrymen and retired to cultivate his farm—he is the only man in modern times who has shown what the heroic Roman was. Future generations may find it easier to doubt his existence, and to deny his virtues than to imitate them. The negation of the great, the heroic in the past, is the confession of the weakness of the present."

We cannot help taking this opportunity of expressing our hope that such books as this will give a renewed vitality to the study of Cicero. Plato has had a "revival" during the last fifty years, the effects of which are widely visible. It is time that Cicero was restored to something like the position which he held in the estimation of the scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. There is no longer any fear of the old exaggerations about him which Erasmus has ridiculed so charmingly in the 'Ciceronianus.' We shall not have a class of men reading nobody else,—sitting up at night to polish long sentences in imitation of him,—bishops neglecting St. Paul as injurious to their "style"—or gentlemen like Paulus Manutius, who never missed writing some Latin every day for five-and-twenty years. But the exquisite beauty of his language,—the geniality of his nature,—the vast mass of information about the ancient world in every department,—its polities, its philosophy, its manners,—which his writings contain, all point him out as worthy of a wider study than he commands at present.

Our public speakers would do well to remember that their greatest predecessors, such as

Bolingbroke and Fox, held him in peculiar honour. It is true that our British orators are not properly represented in our literature,—that we have but one corrected speech of Fox,—noble fragments only of Chatham and Sheridan,—and that of others we have in many cases merely a tradition, or remains for the genuineness of which it is impossible to vouch. But this is an age of reporting, and the tone of our public oratory must necessarily deeply influence the national spirit and the national taste. Now, not only is Cicero a master, but he is a master in very different manners and in more than one style. He is equal to two or three moderns. For translucent elegance and taste, there is the little 'Pro Archi';—for knowledge of the world, pleasant, manly, *ad captandum* speaking, with a body of common sense in it, there is the 'Pro Murend.' The 'Pro Cælio' is a most dexterous mixture of reasoning and ridicule;—as the 'In Pisone' is of scornful and sarcastic declamation;—and the 'In Verrem' of incomparable narrative, varied by every art which could keep attention alive to details, including little pictures of the happiest drawing and colouring. In grave and earnest passages, such as the 'Verrine' orations contain, and the 'Pro Milone,' he has scarcely a modern rival but Burke,—while his wit and gaiety are light as those of Sheridan or Canning. Indeed, we sometimes incline to maintain (as Horace Walpole did of Gray) that the real *forte* of the man was humour:—of the seventeen of his jokes preserved by Plutarch some are first-rate; and his enemies, we know from Macробius, were wont to call him a "consular buffoon." But, be this as it may, very few men who ever lived have been such masters of expression; and it would be easy to show that where he is only popularizing thought which he has borrowed, he invests it with a practical applicability, and enriches it with a human interest, which are quite original qualities and bring a new value of their own with them.

The Orations are, indeed,—as Mr. Long observes,—full of difficulties, and demand an attentive study; but such editions as the one before us leave no student an excuse for laziness, either on the ground of their utility or their interest.

The Literary Remains of the Rev. Thomas Price, Carnhuanawc, Vicar of Cwmdû, Breconshire, and Rural Dean. With a Memoir of his Life.

By Jane Williams, Ysgafell. Vol. II. Llanddover, Rees; London, Longman & Co.

THAT our friends in Wales prop each other up in a determination of "keeping themselves to themselves,"—barring all chance of widening their influence by widening their sympathies,—is a misfortune which has been sufficiently lamented to excuse us from the ungrateful task of once more regretting it when dealing with this Life of Mr. Price. There was no need that his biography should have been written so exclusively for the Principality; but since the biographer has made her election, she must look to her own public for reward,—nor are we to be blamed for stating that the record is a mixture of things local and puerile. We must pass all that concerns the birth, parentage, and education of Carnhuanawc,—and content ourselves with stating that he grew up to be as amiable as he was "obscurely wise,"—a gentle, ready-handed, accomplished, and eccentric man. He was a good parish priest, a quaint scholar, a profound antiquary.

With this indication we may close all that need be said of Mr. Price. That his labours in literature, however conscientious and elaborate, are barren of interest to the average man of letters, has been already said. Philologists

to come, and students of nationalities extinct, or in process of extinction, will refer to them. To ask whether one so diligent, so honest, so laborious, might not have found a wider sphere for his efforts, and have put out his intellectual powers at better interest, is to re-state the whole question of Welsh as separate from English—of cloister-scholarship, as opposed to that nobler, more comprehensive cultivation, which addresses mankind and not a single “race” (as the jargon of the day runs), asserting its existence theatrically, without real power to act or to endure.

One subject, purely Welsh, yet of general interest, is referred to throughout this book, regarding which information was to be expected in the memoir of *Carnhuanawc*, — we mean the Music of Wales. But those who expect to find here large additions to what they knew already, will be disappointed. Not merely the biographer, but the subject of her biography, though a harp-player and a harp-maker, have words to give us rather than those facts which are so desirable to the collector of national music. We find directions, it is true, concerning the orthodox structure and decoration of the instrument; but for enlightenment as to what is played upon the harp, we must seek elsewhere. Only one of Mr. Price's reminiscences has universal value, which is the following.—

“About the year 1750, the young people in Wales were very fond of dancing, as I heard my Aunt Elinor Morgan say [formerly Elinor Bowen]. They met together frequently in parties, and danced country dances, some of which had four and twenty variations, all of which were to be danced through; and I think there were variations in the figure of the dance to correspond with those of the tune. When I was boy, I remember playing on the flute the Irish air of *Shela na Guiry*, to which there are several variations, and my aunt, who was then an elderly woman, said she remembered dancing it when young, under the name of *Y Crythur du bach*. ”

The universality of national music, which we had long reason to believe much greater than nationalists like to own, is here once again exemplified. How tunes, incorrectly rendered, get sown in distant places, to be analyzed, amplified, adopted, and quarrelled for, we have a thousand times pointed out. Nevertheless the melodies of Wales, as they stand, have less community or resemblance with those of any other district than any national airs in our acquaintance. Lady Morgan's remark, quoted at the close of this book, “that there is a sacred tone in all Welsh music,” is picturesque rather than precise. We recognize nothing ecclesiastic in such spirited airs as ‘The Hunting of the Hare,’ ‘The Rising of the Lark,’ and the entire family of tunes in a rhythm, to which those two airs belong. On the other hand, a regularity of structure and progression characterizes the wildest Welsh airs,—we even include those of the collection published by Miss Jane Williams of Aberpergwm,—and distinguishes them from the ancient melodies of Ireland and Scotland. There will be found in them a frequent recurrence to the progression *alla Rosalia*, so dear to early Italian composers,—a general spirit and dignity arguing the presence of a higher scientific cultivation than existed across the Channel or over the Border. But we must speak on all these subjects with reserve. The musicians, as distinct from the antiquaries, do not recognize their value or interest; and in the absence of such light as scientific musical research might throw on the question, they will continue to have the attraction of a dream, but cannot claim the importance of a branch of science, nor be considered as illustrating any epoch in the history of Art.

There are a few pages in this book to which attention must be called ere we conclude,—epi-

sodes in which strangers figure who had only a passing connexion with Mr. Price. Almost the last person whom one would expect to meet in the company of *Carnhuanawc* is that wandering Princess, Lady Hester Stanhope,—yet here she is. In the year 1800, driven from London by despondency, Pitt's niece took up her abode for some months in a farm-house near Builth. Very characteristic are her letters to Mrs. Price—our Princess's mother—in which she prescribes and stipulates for matters of board, lodging, attendance, with as eager a precision as if her first object in life had been, and was to be, small housekeeping. Lady Hester's earnestness of character, at all events, was attested by an minute attention to details as if she had been aiding her uncle in the calculation of a majority, or considering on what rations she was to put some troop of Eastern spearmen at a time of scarcity; but her specifications about paint, carpets, candles, cucumbers, seeds, which give to these letters a peculiarity (their origin considered), render them too homely to yield any extract.

Lastly, those who recollect the numerous corrections which Mr. Patmore's ‘Reminiscences’ called out by their incorrectness will also bear in mind that Miss Williams undertook to disprove the strange charge against Campbell as not having written the ‘Life of Mrs. Siddons,’ from letters addressed by the poet to Mr. Price. Here are the epistles, some half a dozen in number, and they are characteristic as well as conclusive. In the first, Campbell applies to the Welshman for information regarding Brecknock (*sic*), and the precise position of “the house most vulgarly called the haunch of mutton,” which was the birthplace of Mrs. Siddons. In his subsequent communications “the Bard of Hope” registers the progress of his task. Some of his entries are worthy of citation.—

“It is difficult to find very interesting anecdotes about Mrs. Siddons—I find by her correspondence that she was the very essence of maternal kindness; but her letters are all about matters that are either too delicate to be made public, or too domestic to be interesting. Stranger as I am, I tell you this confidentially, for it might injure the forthcoming book if it were known that I am distressed about its difficulties. But distressed I must own I am. Dear good Mrs. Siddons, she was a very angel, but devils make better stuff for biography than angels. The old toothless ladies—once dashing beauties—that were her sworn friends, heap upon me reams of proofs of her piety and purity; but Lord help me, I can make no use of all their twaddle. * * Had she been a tie-fie, or a drunkard, or a termagant, I should have had comparatively a sinecure in my biographical duty to her. Nevertheless there are some interesting particulars about her: her great great grand-uncle was executed for being a Catholic Priest. I have some faint hopes of being able to prove that he was even burnt alive; but unhappily that is not certain. Poor man, it would make no difference to him now, by what death he died, but to me it would be most desirable, if possible, that he should have died by fire, for the sake of an exciting impression on my amiable readers. * * You are a pattern of fidelity as a friendly coadjutor and correspondent. This song is worth its weight in 51. notes—exactly the song I wanted. Some weeks ago, I went and stopt a couple of days in the neighbourhood of Mrs. Whitelocke, Mrs. Siddons's sister. She told me the story about Siddons's song, but could only quote a line or two of it. (By the way, I am just about to transcribe it, and shall lay by the original to be returned.) Mrs. Whitelocke is a nice old lady, very like Mrs. Siddons, and the remains of nearly as fine a woman; but she is Mrs. Siddons without her fudge and solemnity,—just what Mrs. Siddons would have been if she had swallowed a bottle of champagne, all life and spirit; not that Mrs. Whitelocke drinks champagne, or anything else too strong: her hilarity is constitutional and natural. Mrs. Whitelocke re-

membered the scene of Siddons enacting the sympathy of a Breconian audience, in behalf of Colin, when he retired amidst the plaudits of the house; he might be said to be, if not Colin Clout, at least Colin clouted, for Mrs. Roger Kemble, his future mother-in-law, received him in the green-room and boxed his ears very heartily. ”

One later paragraph must be added, in settlement of the Patmore report.—

“In the month of April, just as I had sent my manuscript to press, I was laid prostrate by the prevailing pestilence. Towards the end of the month, my physician ordered me to the sea-side, and strictly enjoined me to give up every mentally exciting occupation. When I told him that I had to correct the proof-sheets of the *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, he said, ‘Very well, if you chuse to put your own life in balance with Mrs. Siddons's, it is your own affair. But my advice to you is, to read no proofsheets for an indefinite time to come, till your constitution recovers its proper tone.’ I am thus obliged to suspend the war; but as soon as I feel my health re-established, I shall go to press, for my *Life of Mrs. Siddons* is fairly finished as a manuscript.”

The above extracts are among the few entertaining passages which the *Memoir of Carnhuanawc* contains.

Glasgow and its Clubs; or, Glances of the Condition, Manners, Characters, and Oddities of the City during the Past and Present Century. By John Strang, LL.D. Griffin & Co. THE history of clubs is yet a book to be written; and, seldom, perhaps, had light author so pleasant a theme. In France, the word “club” is a new word, and the only two senses or significations attached to it are “political” and “philanthropical” *rénunions*. In England, the clubs grew out of the coffee and chocolate houses. Our ever exclusive spirit and desire for the “comfortable” could not tolerate open societies, and clubs were the result. Instead of the many there were the selected few; and if selfishness were at the root of this matter, it is one of the cases in which selfishness had some sort of justification.

When the idle gentlemen of London met in White's rooms and gardens at the bottom of St. James's Street, they were liable to be elbowed by other gentlemen who drank their chocolate and threw their mās as gracefully as any there, but who might be, and often were, gentlemen of the road. When the old house was burnt down in 1733, the patrons resolved that their new house at the top of the street should be, from the year 1736, “private”; and rules were arranged, which have often, indeed, been modified, but modified only so as to make membership of the “new house” still more difficult of attainment. Glasgow may be the city of clubs, but it has never boasted of one that has been so permanent or so prosperous as White's. There Selwyn and Chesterfield enlivened the room with their wit. Thence Steele dated his love-news in the *Tatler*. There prime ministers gambled with sharers of good family, who were sometimes greater rogues than the common highwaymen. There Cibber was tolerated, rather than welcomed, as an honorary member; and there were baronets, of such indifferent reputation that it was only after a difficulty of choice some one laid a bet that Sir William Burdett would be the first of them who would be hanged.

White's was a dining-club and a supping-club as well as a gaming-house, and its prosperity as well as magnificent hospitality may be seen in the fact that the members spent very nearly ten thousand pounds on a dinner given to the Allied Sovereigns. Then there were the Tory *Cocoa-Tree* and the Whig *St. James's*. In the latter house Goldsmith wrote his *Retaliation*, and round its privileged table—for there were club-tables before there were

club-rooms or club-houses—Addison, Swift, and Steele, Gibbon, Goldsmith, and Garrick, at various periods took their seats and became the oracles of the company. These grew into very exclusive assemblies at last. Brooke's was exclusive from the beginning. Its primitive character is illustrated in the fact that, in 1772, Mr. Thynne retired from it in disgust because he had won only 12,000 guineas in a couple of months. It was here, too, that Wilberforce played deeply at faro, and George Selwyn thought that he could not be better employed; and it was into this club that Sheridan found entrance so difficult, Selwyn continually black-balling him, till the Prince of Wales accomplished the desired end by detaining Selwyn in conversation while the ballot was proceeding.

The Glasgow clubs appear to have rather resembled the "coffee-house" meetings in London of the last century, and the weekly *réunions* for social and pleasant purposes of the present time—such as 'Our Club,' meeting in Covent Garden, 'The Cocked Hats,' known in the vicinity of Drury Lane, and the 'Red Lions,' feeding in Fleet Street—than the London "clubs," which have "local habitations." The old meetings at the Bedford, where Garrick, Quin, Murphy, and Foote were of the company, and where Tiger Roach bullied the company and the waiters, are recalled to our mind when we read of the doings of the "Glasgow bodies." As at Glasgow, the merchants of the last century had their favourite houses; and the clergy had their joyous club at Child's in St. Paul's Churchyard, where they appeared in full canonicals, smoked like Turks, and were called "Doctor" by the waiters. The lawyers and "Sir Roger de Coverley" had their pipes and merry talk at Squire's in Fulwood's Rents. Bankers, stock-jobbers, and the shipping interest had also their peculiar trysting-places, not only for business, but, as they then lived in the city, for pleasure also. The neighbourhood of Covent Garden was, and is, the place where the men of greatest note have loved to assemble. Pope could sit up till two o'clock, over Burgundy and Champagne, at Will's; there Dryden had thundered without restraint; and there sat Addison till even later hours than Pope. Addison was at Button's what Dryden had been at Will's, and with as remarkable a gathering around him:—Steele and Budgell, Philips, Carey, Davenant, and Col. Brett, were of it. This "gathering" was never surpassed at Tom's for jollity, at all events, although Tom's enjoyed a great reputation from the days of Queen Anne to the period of the accession of George the Third. It may be added, that there were joyous meetings in the houses under the Piazza before some of them were hotels. Killigrew, in the north-west piazza, kept open house for the wits; and in the house lately known as Richardson's hotel (now Clunn's hotel) Lancrein assembled merry friends around him, after he had worked all day at accessories for "Sir Peter," or at landscapes for Sir William Williams. His successor in the house, Clostermann, held yet merrier assemblies. He had then ceased to be the drudge of Riley, and was the well-paid favourite of the Duke of Somerset and the "people of quality." Had Clostermann loved more wisely, the gay meetings at his house would have lasted longer. The catastrophe put an end to love and hospitality together. After it became a tavern, the house retained its old reputation. 'Our Club,' a society of wits and men of letters—of the merry doings at which we often hear—still sustains its literary and convivial fame. Some day 'Our Club' will doubtless have its story told—a pleasant piece of literary gossip—very precious to the Dorans and Cunninghams of another generation.

A hundred years ago, they who resorted to the Piazza, to their clubs, ran more danger on returning than they do now. "In the Piazza, Covent Garden," writes Shenstone, "the pickpockets come in large bodies, armed with *couleaus*, and attack whole parties, so that the danger of coming out of the playhouse is of some weight in the opposite scale, when I am disposed to go to them oftener than I ought."

Before addressing ourselves more immediately to Dr. Strang's volume, we will notice a club in London, which was founded on more singular grounds than even the "Pig" or the "Face" club in Glasgow. This we will do by copying the following from 'The Domestic Intelligence,' 1681:—"Whereas the yearly meeting of the name of Adam hath of late, through the deficiency of the last stewards, been neglected, these are to give notice to all gentlemen, and others that are of that name, that at William Adams, commonly called the Northern Ale House, St. Paul's Alley, in St. Paul's Churchyard, there will be a weekly meeting every Monday night, of our name-sakes, between the hour of six and eight of the clock in the evening, in order to choose stewards, to revive our ancient and annual feast."

From these slight memoranda even, it may be concluded that there are ample materials for the history of London Clubs; and we hope that a "faithful chronicler" may yet be found who will effect for them what Dr. Strang has to a certain degree accomplished for those of Glasgow. The Doctor has devoted a volume of some 600 pages to the history of the clubs of Glasgow, adding thereto some incidental matter touching Glasgow itself. The city, however, is always subordinate to the clubs; the local history, is, for the most part, merged in club incidents.

This club-chronicle is chronologically arranged; and we find that the earliest of these assemblies was founded when the fashion was a very old one in London, namely, a few years subsequently to the Rebellion of '45. The great mathematician, Dr. Simson, was the founder of the Anderston Club. Its members comprised sage men of science, who every Saturday went a Sabbath-day's journey out of Glasgow, in expectation "of one afternoon of fun and frolic out of the seven," to partake of hen-broth, rum punch, and unrestrained jollity, between the hours of two and seven. It appears to have been the rule that the members should keep "elders' hours" and be at home in time for evening prayer. Adam Smith was a member of this club, at which all were talkers, save two or three, who listened with silent delight to the unrestrained gaiety, Greek odes, and Free-Trade discussions, which made up the staple of each Saturday's intercourse. Dr. Simson, the founder of the club—which did not survive him—was an abstruse mathematician. It was only at the club that he ceased to be "absent." Here is a sketch of him and his manner, as he is on his way, counting his steps as usual, to the hilarious meeting:—

"One Saturday, while proceeding towards Anderston, counting his steps as he was wont, the Professor was accosted by a person who, we may suppose, was unacquainted with his singular peculiarity. At this moment the worthy geometer knew that he was just *five hundred and seventy-three* paces from the College towards the snug parlour which was anon to prove the rallying point of the *hen-broth* amateurs; and when arrested in his progress, kept repeating the mystic number, at stated intervals, as the only species of mnemonics then known. 'I beg your pardon,' said the personage, accosting the Professor; 'one word with you, if you please.'—'Most happy—573!' was the response.—'Nay,' rejoined the gentleman, 'merely one question.'—'Well,' added the Professor—'573!'—'You are really too polite,' interrupted the stranger, 'but from your known ac-

quaintance with the late Dr. B—, and for the purpose of deciding a bet, I have taken the liberty of inquiring whether I am right in saying that that individual left five hundred pounds to each of his nieces?'—'Precisely!' replied the Professor—'573!'—'And there were only four nieces, were there not?' rejoined the querist.—'Exactly!' said the mathematician—'573!' The stranger at the last repetition of the mystic sound, stared at the Professor as if he were mad, and muttering sarcastically '573!' made a hasty obeisance, and passed on. The Professor, seeing the stranger's mistake, hastily advanced another step, and cried after him, 'No, sir, *four* to be sure—574!' The gentleman was still further convinced of the mathematician's madness, and hurried forward, while the Professor passed on leisurely towards the west, and at length, happy in not being balked in his calculation, sat down delighted amid the circle of the Anderston Club."

The philosophers were by no means, however, the greatest men in the city. The tobacco aristocracy, in their scarlet cloaks and pride of purse, were for a time the first in importance. The tobacco-lords founded the "Hodge-Podge," and limited the number of members to that of the Muses. The limit, of course, could not be observed. The tobacco-lords were "jolly" enough; but they were obliged to let in the sages and wits, and in this intermingling the Hodge-Podge answered, in one sense, to its not very musical name. It was one of the longest lived of the clubs of Glasgow, and reckoned Dr. Moore (*Zeluo* Moore), among its early members. When the Doctor's son became famous as a General, the Club made Sir John an honorary member, and we find the gallant soldier acknowledging the distinction, and gravely adding,—"I am preparing to go to Sicily, where I hope to do nothing to render me unworthy of being a member of the Hodge-Podge Club."

It was at this time, three quarters of a century ago, the fashion to receive dinner guests, and indeed all guests, in a bed-room. The custom still prevails in some old-fashioned French towns. The fashion was at its highest when some gentlemen who liked not the gravity of these state proceedings at home, founded a club in the ancient city, at a tavern kept by a man named Ross, and named it "Lord Ross's Club." These jolly fellows, it must be mentioned, met "over their tankard of twopenny, and glass of Jamaica, running up a nightly score of from three to four pence each, or *at most to sixpence*,"—an example of prudence which, we fear, is not followed in Covent Garden or Fleet Street. On the other hand, the Morning and Evening Club met, as its name indicates, twice a day, and spent twice as much each time. It was a period when Glasgow was at a fortnight's distance from London, and when the arrival of the newspaper was an event. The firing of a gun early in the morning announced the coming in of the post. The members who heard it tumbled out of bed, and rushed down to their club-room, and in the following edifying way they commenced their well-spent day.—

"Although the news of the day, stirring as they then were, formed perhaps the chief attraction to those worthies to leave their beds at so early an hour, there were other inducements to enter Currie's close before breakfast. In the comfortable tavern, with its blazing fire, situated in this then fashionable locality, the members were always sure of getting either a tankard of hot herb ale—whose medicinal qualities were considered no bad antidote to the rather uneasy effects produced by the previous evening's heavy potations—or that beverage which was then well known by the designation of a 'baurie,' and which consisted of a half-mutekin of rum, with a due proportion of hot water and sugar, poured out and *skinked* in a quart mug. With either placed on the board, and with a newspaper in hand, each member felt himself quite in his element. After the perusal of each paragraph, he could take his mouth-

ful of soothing tipple, and was thus fully prepared to meet any intelligence that might too harshly excite his feelings. When the newspapers were duly scanned, which, considering the editorial brevity of that period, took no very long time to accomplish, the members at once encircled the board, and the Club thus constituted commenced discussing, with a gusto peculiarly their own, the various topics of the day. Having thus sat and talked till the Cross clock struck eight, at which hour men in their circumstances breakfasted, the sitting was adjourned—not till the following morning, as might have been anticipated, but only till seven o'clock in the evening, when the Club again regularly met, to talk over, not the news of the country, but the news of the town."

A day so commenced did not prevent the due accomplishment of much subsequent and serious business. Everybody then drank. "Even the clergy and their flocks were in the habit of discussing the weighty matters of the Church over a tankard of twopenny or a glass of Glenlivet."—

"A story is told of the Rev. Dr. John Hamilton and one of his parishioners, which occurred about this time, will best illustrate this. Having both something important to talk over in the forenoon, they retired, as customary, to a public-house, and called for a gill of spirits and a piece of oat-cake. Both were brought in and laid on the table; but before attempting to partake of either, Dr. Hamilton asked a blessing, which, closing his eyes, he lengthened out with such a copious infusion of Presbyterian doctrine, that long before its conclusion, his friend became tired, and, sip by sip, drank off the spirits placed before him. On arriving at 'Amen,' the minister stretched out his hand to take hold of the gill-stoup, but lo! on raising the lid, he found the vessel empty. 'Ring the bell,' cried he, evidently annoyed either at the supposed neglect or indignity offered to them; adding, 'this is really too bad.' 'Hooly, hooly,' said the parishioner, 'it is all right enough. I am to blame for that. If you had been less lengthy in your prayer it would not have happened. But let me give you a hint for the future, that the Scriptures tell us, 'to watch as well as to pray.'"

When the clergy were thus addicted to Glenlivet, we cannot wonder that the laity bettered the instruction; and that men, like the Laird of Garscadden and his compeers, thought it unreasonable to rise from table on the day they sat down. The other Kirkpatrick lairds were of the same opinion; in their respect for jollity they forgot everything besides. Witness the rollicking scene in the little *Clachan* at a place called Law, where the lairds had met "to talk over parish business." They talked and drank till dawn, when one of them, fixing his eyes on Garscadden, remarked that he was "looking unco gash."—Upon which Kilmardenny coolly replied:—"Deil mean him; since he has been wi' his Maker these twa hours. I saw him step awa', but I didna like to disturb good company!"

Not only did people die thus quietly in excellent society; but there was an after-ceremony with them that will probably impress our readers diversely on the subject. The following advertisement will best illustrate this subject. In

"James Hodge, who lives in the first close above the Cross, on the west side of the High Street, continues to sell burying-crapes ready-made; and his wife's niece, who lives with him, dresses dead corpses at as cheap a rate as was formerly done by her aunt, having been educated by her and perfected at Edinburgh, from whence she has lately arrived and brought with her all the newest and best fashions." In 1789, [Miss Christy Dunlop, Leopard Closs, High Street, dresses the dead, as usual, in the most fashionable manner.] In 1799, "Miss Christian Brown, at her shop west side of Hutcheson Street, carries on the business of making *dead flannels*, and getting up burial-crapes, &c. She also carries on the mantua-making, at her house in Duncan Closs, High Street, where a mangle is kept as formerly."¹³

Surely it must have been in Glasgow that

ladies visiting "mourning warehouses" and asking for half-mourning, were asked semi-solemnly to "step into the mitigated-affliction department."

The members of the Gaelic Club professed a love for the ancient literature and language of the Gael,—and not only refused admission, in a Lowland city, to Lowlanders, but made it a standing rule that nothing but Gaelic should be spoken between the hours of seven and nine. After that time it mattered probably very little what language was spoken. On no occasion, however, was national pride forgotten. One member, proud of his Celtic origin, exclaimed aloud at one of the meetings, when there appeared to have been Lowland guests present, “I thank God there is not a single drop of Lowland blood in my veins.” To which his neighbour, probably of the despised caste, rejoined, “ You are certainly thankful for sma’ mercies.” The savans of this and of other clubs were not without *their* peculiar vanity, too. Thus, Dr. Ranken, of the Accidental Club—a society which required no ceremony of introduction or balloting—was the author, among other works, of a laboriously compiled, but very ill-appreciated, ‘History of France.’—

"Like most authors, however, the Doctor loved his most ricketty progeny the best; and being anxious to discover what the world thought of his work, he imagined he could best do so by applying to the librarian of Stirling's Library. With this view, he entered Hutcheson's Hospital, where the Rev. Mr. Peat sat as librarian—a man of rather a harsh and sarcastic disposition; and in order the better to conceal his connexion with a work of which he was eager to get an opinion, he, on entering, merely put the following query, 'Pray, Mr. Peat, is Dr. Ranken's 'History of France' in?'—To which the caustic librarian curtly replied, 'It never was out!'"

In treating of social customs, in connexion with the "Accidental," the author remarks that "Ices and finger-glasses were still in the womb of fashion." Of one of the most fashionable members of the Accidental, he adds an anecdote, which serves to show how the term might be applied to a circumstance which took place at the member's funeral. The moribund gentleman had impressed upon his nephew the anxiety he felt lest some accident might mar the decent gravity of his funeral. The nephew calmed him by assurances that nothing should be forgotten; but on arriving at the cemetery the member of the Accidental could not be buried, for the sexton had accidentally forgotten to dig the grave. The funeral party adjourned to a tavern, and drank potent punch while the preparations were being made,—and at the mournful jollification which took place, a rhyming member of this club wrote the following impromptu on the interrupted proceedings of the day:—

When the corpse of John Taylor approach'd the church-yard
Mother Earth would not open her portal!
Why?—because she had heard so much said of the Bard
That she verily thought him immortal!

The Face Club invariably dined off sheep's heads as the principal dish. It is one of the national dishes of Scotland, and Dr. Strang adds that "at the Sons of the Clergy dinner in Glasgow there are always four standard Scotch dishes paraded, . . . a haggis, a sheep's head, tripe, and black puddings."

Glasgow was intensely Hanoverian, and soon after it had spent money and blood in that interest, the citizens founded the Grog Club—where they drank by way of exultation, or in order to drown their disappointment. The Camperdown, which sprang into existence after the battle so called, advocated the divine right of Kings over bowls of rum-punch. The Meridian Club were less expensive in the “tipple,” at least at the mid-day hour of dinner, when beer of various sorts was drunk by amateurs, as

well able either to decide upon the merits of the beverage, or to drink it, as any of the learned consumers of the liquor to be found now at the "Duke John" in Brussels. Stronger stuff than "barley wine" was, however, consumed after dinner,—and an idea was suggested by Dr. Towers that the best method for a man to get rid of the odour of the whiskey he had swallowed, was to "just take twa glasses o' rum after it!"

The medical men had a club of their own, as the "bettors" had in one named the Pig Club, a strange title to be selected by the wealthiest people in Glasgow. They drank and betted with equal intensity; but the Puritan voice was not raised against them in consequence. All the public indignation was levelled at playgoers. Men might stagger home at "elders' hours" for prayer, and were unmolested; but "it is said that persons going and returning from the theatre required to be guarded to protect them from insult." Dr. Strang is, perhaps, not aware that at this very period the Scottish clergy themselves would go to the play in Lent, for the excellent reason that to respect Lent was to sanction Popish ceremonies! A preacher of this period told his hearers that he had dreamed of being at a banquet with Lucifer, and that the demon had proposed the health of Mr. Miller, who had "sold his ground upon which to build the devil a house,—namely, the new theatre." Timotheus never sang with more effect than this fanatic preached. As "the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy," so the congregation rushed forth, and set fire to the theatre. In the partial conflagration which ensued, the fascinating Mrs. Bellamy lost a wardrobe which she is said to have valued at 900. Shakespeare was accounted damnable; but gluttony was not reckoned among the seven deadly sins. Had the latter case been otherwise, Mr. Lingham, of the What-you-please Club, would hardly have achieved the peculiar renown which attaches to him as a lover of sucking-pig. Dr. Strang calls this love "a mania,"—and adds, that "it was so strong, that Lingham absolutely remained at a country inn, where there was a litter just ready for the spit, until he had finished the whole family of young porkers."

From the account of the Medical Club we extract the following brace of illustrative anecdotes. A captious candidate had asked a friend to propose him as a member:—

"By the laws of the Club, one black ball was sufficient to exclude any applicant; and the gentleman who had reluctantly promised to propose his professional brother, and who had made a speech, too, in his favour, fearing that what he had said might allow this anti-social character to slip in, and thereby injure the harmony of the fraternity, bravely resolved to sacrifice his friend at the shrine of duty, painful though that duty was, and therefore, when his turn came round, he popped a black ball into the ballot-box. But judge of the surprise of all present, when, on opening the said repository of Club feeling, it was discovered that all the balls were of the same hostile complexion!"

Dr. Strang also supplies the following trait of a member, which certainly would not be approved of by Cosmo and Damian, the medical patron saints of Florence:—

“It is related, not of Dr. Wormwood, but of one to whom he bears no little resemblance, that a wealthy citizen, who had the misfortune to require his visits, was in the custom of having the gold always ready in his hand to electrify the Doctor when he felt his pulse. One day it happened, on the Doctor's making his stated call, that the servant informed him ‘All is over!’ ‘Over!’ re-echoed the Doctor, as the remembrance of the customary fee flashed on his mind. ‘Impossible! he cannot be dead yet. No, no! Let me see him—some trance or heavy sleep, perhaps!’ The Doctor was introduced into the sable apartment; he took the hand of the pale corpse, applied

the finger to that artery which once ebbed with life, gave a sorrowful shake of his head; while, with a trifling *legerdemain*, he relieved, from the grasp of death, *two guineas*, which, in truth, had been destined for him. 'Ay, ay,' good folks,' said the Doctor, 'he is dead; there is a *destiny* in all things!' and, full of shrewd sagacity, turned upon his heel!

The Gegg and Banditti Clubs only serve to show what folly and brutality may exist in a community where the drama is held to be the feeder of Hell. Of the remaining Clubs there is little told that will bear extract. We have, however, said enough to show that for the general reader, as well as for the citizens of Glasgow, Dr. Strang has produced a gossipy volume which must have cost him much labour, and which, if its uses be not as great as the toil endured in accomplishing it, is nevertheless creditable as the pastime of a man who makes relaxation from more serious occupations at once beneficial and amusing.

NEW NOVELS.

Kitty Lamere; or, a Dark Page of London Life: By Augustus Mayhew. (Blackwood.)—'Kitty Lamere' is a reprint from the columns of the *Illustrated London News*, where it originally appeared. It is good in purpose, inasmuch as it is an attempt to excite sympathy for those who are struggling with want and temptation, and keeping out of crime—a class far more deserving of help and sympathy than the most interesting criminal who has been "reformed" by sermon and solitude. The details of the story are painful, and would be greatly too much so if the purpose were only that of yielding pleasure. But Mr. A. Mayhew (like his elder brother, to whose researches we owe so much of our minute acquaintance with the miseries and virtues of the London Poor) has loftier aim. He seeks to be useful. Still, we cannot but hope that, even in a 'Dark Page of London Life,' such bitter and protracted suffering, where there is skill and competence as well as industry and a heart's desire to work, is exaggerated. The law provides both a refuge and a relief; and however much we may respect the independence which scorns pauperism, still there is a point at which obstinate endurance ceases to be virtue, and that point is reached when the endurance is unnecessary. The story of 'Kitty Lamere' sometimes passes the limits of common sense, and the reader revolts against the stress upon his compassion.

Catherine the Egyptian Slave in 1852. By the Rev. W. J. Beaumont, M.A. (Cambridge, Macmillan & Co.)—The preface assures us that this story is true in all the main facts—and very interesting facts they are:—the only drawback to the reader's satisfaction is, that the pleasant ending is "purely fanciful," and the exercise of "the novel writer's privilege." There is a genuine oriental colouring of the scenes, and a painful, because well attested, representation of the state of justice and society under Turkish rule. The book is small, unpretending, and well written.

Cross Purposes; or, the Way of the World. By Margaret Casson. (Ward & Lock.)—This story just misses being entertaining, and it has no amount of literary talent to atone for this first great defect in a tale. The intention of the story is lost in details, which are long and tedious; the end is announced at the beginning; and the intermediate business has the air of being done on purpose, instead of being "a concatenation"—accordingly, there is a general want of briskness. We have read stories of deep interest made out of much slighter materials.

The Last of the Czars; or, the Doom of Nicholas: a Romance founded on Russian History and Traditions. By W. R. Brame. Dedicated, without permission, to Alexander II. (Partridge & Oakley.)—The preface of this heavy brochure tells us that "the moral of the work will be discovered in that word—retribution." We have read a verse in another place, which says "Judge not, that ye be not judged." The Czar Nicholas has gone to his account; and a romance conducted by Mephistophiles, and the scene laid in the infernal regions,

with the Czar for culprit, and all the reports, traditions, and incidents, whether well or ill founded, for counts of indictment, together with the reputed actors and sufferers in the same for accusers, all assembled in what seems to be a species of servants' hall—is revolting to common decency as well as the commonest good feeling. Good taste is of course entirely out of the question. The "romance," as it styles itself, is a piece of dull bombast,—though the author evidently intends it to pass for eloquence and fine writing. Take the following as a specimen of the author's idea of "Divine retribution," and a sample of the dreary pages which precede it. The trial of the "Imperial criminal" is supposed to be concluded, when "the judge, fixing his awful gaze upon the culprit, then addressed him thus." Then follows an address which might be mistaken for burlesque were it not so dull; at last the sentence comes—"It is our sovereign will that you trusty demons lead thee to the confines of Shadowland; that they lash thee with scorpions till thou hast passed through its unsearchable vastness, and then, on reaching the verge of our twilight realm, they shall bind thee to a rock of ice, and there leave thee to endure Promethean torments through the unending cycles of eternity."

Tales for the Marines. By the Author of 'Los Gringos.' (Ward & Lock.)—'Tales for the Marines' is a rambling series of adventures chiefly in the Brazils, somewhat after the style of Capt. Marryat's novels, though the plot has not sufficient coherence to entitle it to be called a novel. The pictures of Spanish life and society in South America are lively and life-like, and the adventures are stirring enough and entertaining enough to cover all their deficiency in probability. To those about to purchase a railway book we can recommend it as a good investment for their eighteen-pence.

The Watchman: a Tale. By J. A. Maitland. (Routledge & Co.)—'The Watchman' is an interesting story of American life, full of incidents, which are put together like a child's puzzle. No events in real life were ever so clean cut and so well fitted. The people who at the beginning of the book were apparently without either name or country find, in the last hundred pages, not only friends and relatives of the highest respectability, but titles, estates, husbands, wives, and all the various rewards which in moral stories it is customary to bestow upon deserving virtue, and which, being always consoling to the reader's sense of poetical justice, is perhaps the reason why such stories continue to be read by rational beings.

Twice Married: a Story of Connecticut Life. (New York, Dix & Edwards; London, Low & Co.)—'Twice Married' has two extremely good points about it—a short racy preface and the quality of not pretending to be more than it is,—viz., a lively, readable, amusing story of American rural life. The incidents cannot be called very probable, but when a reader is amused he does not care to be critical. The hero's character is well drawn.

Ellie; or, the Duncan Comedy. By John Esten Cooke. With Illustrations. (Low & Co.)—This is a more ambitious book than the foregoing one, and is of the 'Queechy' and 'Wide, Wide World' type. It bears the marks of care and painstaking, but not any great originality,—it possesses, nevertheless, a certain mild interest of its own, which will find favour with many readers. Its intention is very good; but no mortal child of ten or eleven, the age of the heroine at her first appearance, ever did or ever could be the epitome of exalted virtue and hard work that Ellie is represented. Her trials and attainments would discourage any heroine of double her years; not to mention other things, she keeps house through the greater part of a hard winter, and supports not only herself and her brother, but an old man whom she calls uncle, though he is no relation to her, whilst he is ill of a fever, finds him for some time in food, medicine, and a doctor; and all this by her skill in sewing and embroidery, superadded to the super-human faculty she possesses of making something out of nothing. According to all the laws of nature and probability, Ellie must have had a fairy

godmother (though it is not mentioned), otherwise she could not have sustained her life as it is represented for twenty-four hours. The other characters are intended to be types of American society in a large town; they all talk fluently, but with too much pretension and at a length that the most patient reader will be apt to cut shorter.

The Hidden Path. By Marion Harland. (Low & Co.)—This is an improvement upon the author's last story of 'Alone,' reviewed by us on its appearance. There is more pith and consistency in the plot, and very much less fine writing—fewer provincialisms, both of thought and expression. The incidents of ordinary life are still treated too grandly. A lady never bursts into tears without its being announced as the "overflowing of the sympathetic fount." The story, however, is not devoid of interest, and it is, we repeat, a great improvement upon the last.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Philosophical Promenade in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise—[Promenade, &c.] By M. Viennet, of the French Academy. Second Edition, considerably enlarged. (Didot Frères.)—In one of Miss Martineau's books the traveller is wisely recommended to repair to the Cemetery, among other places of resort, if he would learn something of the ways and works of a strange country. *Père la Chaise* is not a bad illustration of Paris; and this book, devoted to the illustration of that far-famed burial-place, is full of instruction to any one desirous of studying the manifestations of old-fashioned French sentimentality. A more significant series of meditations among the tombs than M. Viennet's has rarely been given to the sad or the sorrowful—even by an Academician. Tears have seldom been shed more tidily than by him, nor sighs sighed in a fashion so perfectly *comme il faut*. In place of citing a single epitaph, good, bad, or indifferent, from among the ten thousand sepulchres that crowd that strange high place, M. Viennet trips among the slopes covered with tombs, venting his own epitaphs, epigrams, old reflections in not very new clothing, with the glibness of one of those old-fashioned rhymers who addressed civilities to *Madame* —, and "savour sweet" to *Monsieur* — on his being crowned among the "Forty" in strophes which—stiff-necked that we are—we have never been able to accept as poetry. No celebrity comes amiss to M. Viennet; he has "length" at command for artists, for heroes, for beauties, for men of science. There may still be some *salon* in some nook of the *Faubourg St.-Germain*, where the reading of these genteel little moralities may, from time to time, alternate with the "*jeux innocents*" which form the pastime of the evening, and relieve the strange prattling of prejudice, which, in those circles, fancies itself political and philosophical conversation. But in London, as in modern Paris, the book will have few admirers. It might have had many.—To this character it will be sufficient, perhaps, to add, that the first edition of M. Viennet's 'Promenade' was published twenty years ago, and consisted of ninety-nine little necrologies. To these he has added 181 fresh names, and the verses of the new issue are as good (or as bad) as those of the old one. There is still a book to be written concerning the statues, the tombs, and the funerals of Paris.

Letters to the People on Health and Happiness. By Catherine E. Beecher. (Low & Co.)—Mrs. Beecher has a cool and assuming style, befitting, perhaps, a lady whose qualifications are so indisputable as she represents her own to be. She tells us, that the proof-sheets of her book contained "certain portions" the value and propriety of which appeared to her doubtful. Therefore, she submitted them "to a large number of cultivated and judicious ladies of influence." Without naming one of these accomplished ladies, she immediately announces that her book has been sanctioned by "those whom all will concede to be the proper and most highly-qualified judges of propriety." If we were to concede the point, we should affect to see in the dark. All we are certain of is, that the volume is disagreeable, pretentious, and unnecessary.

Without presuming to compete with anonymous ladies, as censors of "propriety," we will add, that some of the diagrams and explanations are rather ghastly. Mrs. Beecher has tried, in her own case, clairvoyance, the water-cure, galvanism, and the artificial production of boils or "brilliant harbingers" on her skin. Upon the sequel of her memoir we will not trespass; and are glad she has only furnished the initials of her friends' names in the delicate statistics that follow.

The Revised Liturgy of 1689: being the Book of Common Prayer, interleaved with the Alterations prepared for Convocation by the Royal Commissioners in the First Year of the Reign of William and Mary. Edited, from the Copy printed by Order of the House of Commons, by John Taylor. (Bagster & Sons.)—The return to the order of the House of Commons for printing the alterations in the Prayer-Book suggested, with a view to the comprehension of Dissenters, by the Commissioners of 1689, is a Blue Book, and partakes of the true Blue Book character. Mr. Taylor has printed the suggestions of the Commissioners in such a way that their relation to the corresponding passages in the Prayer-Book and the exact effect they were intended to produce, can be seen at a glance. Mr. Taylor's volume will be useful to the critical readers of Mr. Macaulay's forthcoming volumes, which will no doubt contain the whole history of the celebrated scheme of comprehension. It will be acceptable, also, to those who are desirous of considering how far it is possible, by any alterations in the Prayer-Book, either to bring in Dissenters or to unite the several parties already existing within the Church itself. Mr. Taylor's Introduction contains much useful illustrative matter.

Thoughts on the Revision of the Prayer-Book and of the Terms of Clerical Conformity. By the Rev. J. R. Pretzman, M.A. (Hope & Co.)—A calm, judicious pamphlet, written in a good spirit; but the author should have made himself acquainted with the alterations in the Prayer-Book suggested in 1689. His ignorance of their exact character, although a great impeachment of his diligence, should not, however, be allowed to prejudice his readers against his independent suggestions, and especially not against those which relate to the variety of the obligations to conformity imposed upon the consciences of clergymen.

A Memoir of the Life and Death of Sir John King, Knt. Written by his Father, in 1677, and now first printed. With Illustrative Notes. (Bell & Daldy.)—Sir John King, Knt., a Bancher of the Inner Temple and Solicitor General to the Duke of York, made 4,700/- by his practice at the Bar, in 1676,—a remarkable fact. He had a shrew for his wife,—a circumstance less noticeable;—but what did he do or say worthy of being recorded in print nearly two hundred years after his death? So far as this book informs us—nothing. This Memoir may be read with various objects:—by the student, to learn how in former days a youth acquired the arms and address necessary for the forensic conflict;—by the barrister, in search of illustrations of such conflicts;—by an Inner Temple bancher of the present day, to trace the customs of his Inn, or see whether some culinary receipt may not be treasured in these pages. All will be disappointed. The Life is as dry as the parchment it is writ on. Sir John's Will is not more interesting than the generality of such documents, where the reader is not a logate, and is about as amusing as the form of the Probate, which is given verbatim. The Notes contain some slight references to Sir John King, and other persons mentioned in the Life, from the pages of Roger North, Echard and Chauncy; but we have not been able to find anything to justify the removal of the manuscript from the back of the picture-frame in Jersey, in which, by a sound discretion, it had been allowed to remain since Dr. John King perpetrated it, and (by leaving it as a legacy) endeavoured to inveigle his grandsons into reading it.

Archæological Essays.—[Archæologische Aussätze]. By Ludwig Ross. (Leipzig, Teubner; London, Williams & Norgate).—These Essays, which relate exclusively to Greek archæology, treat respectively of the discoveries made in Greece from 1832 to

1836, of the graves in Greece, of the excavations in the Athenian Acropolis, of the topography and Art-history of Athens, of the topography of Attica generally, and of the Temple of Athene, at Ægina. Most of these have already appeared in print, having been sent separately by the author to divers periodical publications; but the work of re-editing is carefully performed, and the letter-press is liberally illustrated by woodcuts and coloured lithographs.

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with an ancient and a modern atlas, though all who have attempted to teach history must have frequently felt the want of maps adapted to the intermediate periods. Even those representing the present condition of the world are often deficient in names of historical interest, the compilers having been more studious of geometrical accuracy than useful effect. In this atlas, on the contrary, we have not only a series of pictures of the world in successive periods expressly intended to illustrate history; but a combination of geography and history in one volume, each reflecting light upon the other. Mr. Brewer's historical memoirs give a condensed account of the various national events which have taken place in Europe and the neighbouring confines of Asia and Africa, since the commencement of the Christian era. The mere study of the territorial changes exhibited in the maps is, as Mr. Brewer remarks, fraught with instruction, and becomes much more useful under the guidance of his enlightened comments. In interpreting the phenomena presented by the history, he displays a penetrating insight, sobriety of judgment, and manly vigour of thought. The maps, which have been prepared by Mr. E. Weller, are remarkable for their accuracy and neatness of execution. In all but that representing the period of the French Revolution, the sites and dates of important battles are marked. We regret that an exception should have been made in the case of a period so closely connected with the present state of Europe, and so necessary to be correctly understood. By enlarging the scale of the map, and dividing it into two, room might have been found for the names of all places which are remarkable for battles, sieges, treaties, or any other memorable circumstance.

In a small shilling tract on *Pronunciation of Greek and Latin*, Mr. J. A. Davis advocates a reform of our confessedly erroneous practice, by the adoption of a system more in accordance with that of the ancients and modern Continental nations. His views are for the most part those generally received among scholars; but we confess our inability to understand the distinction he proposes to be made between the long and short o, the former of which is to be sounded like oa in throat, and the latter as o in note. —*The First, Second, and Third Books of the Elements of Euclid*, by A. Woodmass, B.A., is on the symbolical plan, with shorter and sometimes easier—though rarely better—demonstrations of certain propositions than are given in Simson. On the whole, we decidedly prefer the received text without any alteration, believing that more is lost in one way than is gained in another by attempted improvements of this kind. —Dr. M. Fischel has issued what he terms a *German Reading-Book on an entirely New Principle*, which is simply one of Hoffman's stories literally translated according to the Hamiltonian method, with notes, and an elementary grammar appended. —*The Elements of French Grammar, adapted to Oral Instruction*, by C. J. Berry, contains the accidence of the language. —*Of Platon's Philebus, with Introduction and Notes*, by C. Badham, D.D., it is sufficient to say, that the text is based upon that of the Bodleian manuscript, the Introduction contains a lucid exposition of the course of the argument, and the Notes will be prized by the student for the scholarship and good sense with which they abound.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arago's *Popular Astronomy*, trans. by Smith & Grant. Vol. 1. 21s. Arnold's *Reading Companion to First German Book*, 2nd ed. 4s. *Bibliotheca Classica*, *Eschylus, Tragedies*, re-ed. by Paley. 12s. *Brougham's Contributions to Edinburgh Review*, 3 vols. 8vo. 32s. *Budd's (Rev. H.) Memoir*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. *Court Almanac for 1856*, 4to. 21s. cl. *Doctor Syntax's Travels*, by Combe, illust. by Rowlandson. 3 vols. royal 8vo. 31s. 6d. cl. *Downing's Elements of Practical Hydrostatics*, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. *Edwards' Dictionary of the Holy Bible*, 4th ed. 12mo. 22. 6d. cl. *Evergreen Tales for the Young*, illust. 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl. *Ferguson's Tales of Profit, Discourse, Commission*, &c. 7s. 6d. cl. *Ferguson's (W.) Old-Testament Story*, 15mo. 2s. cl. *Fischel's (Dr.) German Reading-Book*, or. 8vo. 6s. cl. *Gold and the Gospel*, 2nd edit. or. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. *Green's American History*, 12mo. 2s. cl. *Haberst's (A.) Conversational French Phrases*, sq. 1s. 4d. cl. *Haberst's Story of the Campaign*, with Illustrations. 8vo. 21s. cl. *Hardwick's (Rev. C.) Christ and other Masters*, Part 1. 8vo. 7s. 6d. *Hoblyn's Pictures of Terms used in Medicine*, 7s. 6d. 10s. cl. *Hoblyn's Two Cruisers*, 12mo. 2s. cl. *Malice Flora*, 12mo. 2s. cl. *Jones's Theory and Practice of Notes of Lessons*, 2nd edit. 2s. cl. *Keepsake (1856)*, edited by Miss Power. royal 8vo. 12s. cl. *Kennedy's (B. H.) Palæstra Still Latini*, 12mo. 6s. cl. *Kingsley's (C.) Sermons for the Times*, 16. 8vo. 5s. cl.

authority ; if it is not so, Mr. Moxon and Dr. Beattie are the Committee. I call upon them both, as gentlemen, to repair in some measure the insult they have committed upon me, by reinstating me in the power of drawing the *entire* balance in the hands of Messrs. Coutts, of which they have thus improperly deprived me, and to apprise me of their having done so. In my letter to you of the 24th of September, I refer to the pedestal being erected "by a member of Dr. Beattie's family." If this were incorrect, why did not Mr. Moxon in his statement contradict it? All I wish is to obtain justice, and credit for the sacrifice I have made. I shall make no further remarks, but leave this most painful affair to the decision of yourself and the public. I am, &c.

W. CALDER MARSHALL.

47, Ebury Street, Eaton Square, Nov. 12.

MEN AND MANNERS IN CHINA.

Sir John Bowring has favoured us with an early copy of a letter on the population of China, addressed to the Registrar-General, London, and read to the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society,—the substance of which letter we have great pleasure in laying before our readers. Sir John Bowring deals, as will be seen, with the most interesting points of Chinese social life. He treats of the population. He writes also about polygamy—that strange institution which the Mormons have re-introduced into the thoughts and discussions of the Western world. In the third place he treats of the food and natural productions of the Chinese. On each of these points our readers will be glad to have the latest information from so competent a witness as Sir John Bowring, rendered in a semi-official form. First as to

THE POPULATION.

There has been no official census taken since the time of Kia King, forty-three years ago. Much doubt has been thrown upon the accuracy of these returns, which give 362,447,183 as the total number of the inhabitants of China. I think our greater knowledge of the country increases the evidence in favour of the approximative correctness of the official document, and that we may with tolerable safety estimate the present population of the Chinese empire as between 350,000,000 and 400,000,000 of human beings. The penal laws of China make provision for a general system of registration; and corporal punishments, generally amounting to a hundred blows of the bamboo, are to be inflicted on those who neglect to make the proper returns. The machinery is confided to the elders of the district, and the census is required to be annually taken; but I have no reason to believe the law is obeyed, or the neglect of it punished.

DIVISIONS OF MEN.

According to ancient usage, the population in China is grouped under four heads,—1. Scholars; 2. Husbandmen; 3. Mechanics; 4. Merchants. There is a numerous class who are considered almost as social outcasts, such as Stage-players—professional Gamblers—Beggars—Convicts—Outlaws, and others; and these probably form no part of the population returns. In the more remote rural districts, on the other hand, the returning officer most probably contents himself with giving the average of more accessible and better-peopled localities.

I have no means of obtaining any satisfactory tables to show the proportions which different ages bear to one another in China, or the average mortality at different periods of human life; yet to every decade of life the Chinese apply some special designation:—The age of 10 is called “The Opening Degree;” 20, “Youth expired;” 30, “Strength and Marriage;” 40, “Officially Apt;” 50, “Error knowing;” 60, “Cycle Closing;” 70, “Rare Bird of Age;” 80, “Rusty visaged;” 90, “Delayed;” 100, “Age’s Extremity.” Among the Chinese the amount of reverence grows with the number of years. I made, some years ago, the acquaintance of a Buddhist priest living in the convent of Tien Tung, near Ningpo, who was more than a century old, and whom people of rank were in the habit of visiting in order to show

their respect and to obtain his autograph. He had the civility to give me a very fair specimen of his handwriting. There are not only many establishments for the reception of the aged, but the penal code provides severe punishments for those who refuse to relieve the poor in their declining years. Age may also be pleaded in extenuation of crime, and in mitigation of punishment. Imperial decrees sometimes order presents to be given to all indigent old people in the empire.

EMIGRATION FROM CHINA.

The constant flow of emigration from China, contrasted with the complete absence of emigration into China, is striking evidence of the redundancy of the population; for though that emigration is almost wholly confined to two provinces, namely Kwangtung and Fookien, representing together a population of probably from 34,000,000 to 35,000,000, I am disposed to think that a number nearer 3,000,000 than 2,000,000 from these provinces alone are located in foreign countries. In the kingdom of Siam, it is estimated that there are at least a million and a half of Chinese, of which 200,000 are in the capital (Bangkok). They crowd all the islands of the Indian Archipelago. In Java, we know by a correct census, there are 136,000. Cochin China teems with Chinese. In this colony we are seldom without one, two, or three vessels taking Chinese emigrants to California and other places. Multitudes go to Australia, to the Philippines, to the Sandwich Islands, to the western coast of Central and Southern America; some have made their way to British India. The emigration to the British West Indies has been considerable—to the Havana greater still. The annual arrivals in Singapore are estimated at an average of 10,000, and 2,000 is the number that are said annually to return to China.

There is not only this enormous maritime emigration, but a considerable inland efflux of Chinese towards Manchuria and Tibet; and it may be added, that the large and fertile islands of Formosa and Hainan have been to a great extent won from the aborigines by successive inroads of Chinese settlers. Now these are all males—there is not a woman to 10,000 men: hence perhaps the small social value of the female infant. Yet this perpetual outflowing of people seems in no respect to diminish the number of those who are left behind. Few Chinamen leave their country without a fixed purpose to return to worship in the ancestral hall—to bring sacrifices to the tombs of their fathers; but it may be doubted if one in ten revisits his native land. The loss of life from disease—from bad arrangements—from shipwreck—and other casualties—amounts to a frightful percentage on those who emigrate.

FOOD AND CULTIVATION

FOOD AND CULTIVATION.

The arts of draining and irrigating—of preserving, preparing, and applying manure in a great variety of shapes—of fertilizing seeds—indeed all the details of Chinese agriculture—are well deserving of note, and all display evidence of the inadequate proportion which the produce of the soil bears to the demands for the consumption of the people.

The Chinese again have no prejudices whatever as regards food: they eat anything and everything from which they can derive nutrition. Dogs, especially puppies, are habitually sold for food: and I have seen in the butchers' shops, large dogs skinned and hanging with their viscera by the sides of pigs and goats. Even to rats and mice the Chinese have no objection,—neither to the flesh of monkeys and snakes: the sea-slug is an aristocratic and costly delicacy which is never wanting, any more than the edible birds'-nests, at a feast where honour is intended to be done to the guests. Unhatched ducks and chickens are a favourite dish. Nor do the early stages of putrefaction create any disgust: rotten eggs are by no means condemned to perdition; fish is the more acceptable when it has a strong fragrance and flavour to give more gusto to the rice.

As the food the Chinese eat is for the most part hard, coarse, and of little cost, so their beverages are singularly economical. Drunkenness is a rare

vice in China, and fermented spirits or strong drinks are seldom used. Tea may be said to be the national, the universal beverage; though that employed by the multitude does not cost more than from 3d. to 6d. per lb., an infusion of less costly leaves is commonly employed, especially in localities remote from the tea districts. Both in eating and drinking, the Chinese are temperate, and are satisfied with two daily meals—"the morning rice" at about 10 A.M., and "the evening rice" at 5 P.M. The only repugnance I have observed in China is to the use of *milk*—an extraordinary prejudice, especially considering the Tartar influences which have been long dominant in the land; but I never saw or heard of butter, cream, milk, or whey being introduced at any native Chinese table.

RAVAGES OF DEATH AND DISEASE.

RAVAGES OF DEATH AND DISEASE.

There is probably no part of the world in which the harvests of mortality are more sweeping and destructive than in China, producing voids which require no ordinary appliances to fill up. Multitudes perish absolutely from want of the means of existence—inundations destroy towns and villages and all their inhabitants; it would not be easy to calculate the loss of life by the typhoons or hurricanes which visit the coasts of China, in which boats and junks are sometimes sacrificed by hundreds and by thousands. The late civil wars in China must have led to the loss of millions of lives. The sacrifices of human beings by executions alone are frightful. At the moment in which I write, it is believed that from 400 to 500 victims fall daily by the hands of the headsman in the province of Kwang-tung alone. Reverence for life there is none, as life exists in superfluous abundance. A dead body is an object of so little concern, that it is sometimes not thought worth while to remove it from the spot where it putrefies on the surface of the earth. Often have I seen a corpse under the table of gamblers—often have I trod over a putrid body at the threshold of a door. In many parts of China there are towers of brick or stone where toothless—principally female—children are thrown by their parents into a hole made in the side of the wall.

INFANTICIDE

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There are various opinions as to the extent of infanticide in China, but that it is a common practice in many provinces admits of no doubt. One of the most eloquent Chinese writers against infanticide, Kwei Chung Fu, professes to have been specially inspired by "the God of literature" to call upon the Chinese people to refrain from the inhuman practice, and declares that "the God" had filled his house with honours, and given him literary descendants, as the recompense for his exertions. Yet his denunciations scarcely go further than to pronounce it wicked in those to destroy their female children who have the means of bringing them up; and some of his arguments are strange enough: "To destroy daughters," he says, "is to make war upon heaven's harmony" (in the equal numbers of the sexes): "the more daughters you drown, the more daughters you will have; and never was it known that the drowning of daughters led to the birth of sons." He recommends abandoning children to their fate "on the wayside" as preferable to drowning them, and then says "there are instances of children so exposed having been nursed and reared by tigers." "Where should we have been," he asks, "if our grandmothers and mothers had been drowned in their infancy?" And he quotes two instances of the punishment of mothers who had destroyed their infants, one of whom had a blood-red serpent fastened to her thigh, and the other her four extremities turned into cow's feet. Father Ripa mentions, that of abandoned children, the Jesuits baptized in Peking alone not less than three thousand yearly. I have seen ponds which are the habitual receptacles of female infants, whose bodies lie floating about on their surface.

DESIRE FOR OFFSPRING.

The habits of the people—their traditions—the teaching of the sages—all give a wonderful impulse to the procreative affections. A childless person is deemed an unhappy, not to say a degraded, man. The Chinese moralists set it down as a law,

that if a wife give no children to her husband, she is bound by every tie of duty to encourage and to patronize a concubine through whom his name may be preserved, and provision made that when he leaves the world honours will be done to his manes. One of the most popular of Chinese writers says:—"There are in the world wives who, never having borne boys nor nourished girls, even when the husband has reached the age of forty, prohibit his bringing home a concubine or entertaining a handmaid for the purpose of continuing his posterity—they look upon such a person with jealous hatred and malignant ill-will. Alas! do you not know how fleet is time! Stretch as you may your months and your years, they fly like arrows; and when your husband's animal spirits and vigorous blood shall be exhausted,—then indeed he can never beget children, and you, his wife, will have stopped the ancestral sacrifices, and you will have cut off his generation—then repentance, though you may exhibit it in a hundred ways, will indeed come too late—his mortal body will die—his property, which you, husband and wife, have sought to keep together, will not descend to his children, but be sought for by multitudes of kindred and relations; and you will have injured not one person,—not your husband only,—but even yourself; for who shall take charge of your coffin and your tomb? who shall bury you or offer sacrifices? Alas! your orphaned spirits shall pass nights in tears. It is sorrowful to think of. There are some wives who do control their jealousies, and allow their husbands to take concubines to themselves; but they do so (ungenerously) as if they were drinking vinegar and eating acids—they beat Betty by way of scolding Belinda—there is no peace in the inner house. But I beseech you to act as a prudent and virtuous woman. If you have no children, provide with openness and honesty a concubine for your husband. If she bear him children, to you he will owe that the arteries and veins of his ancestral line are continued—his children will honour you as their mother, and will not this comfort you? Give not way to the malignant jealousy of a wicked woman! Prepare not a bitterness which you yourself must swallow."

POLYGAMY.

Generally, however, the wife willingly coincides with the husband in introducing into the household any number of concubines whom he is able to maintain; since she exercises over them an undoubted authority, and the child of a concubine is bound to pay higher respect to the first wife than to its own mother. The Chinese illustrate all the domestic relations by imagery, and are wont to say, that as the husband is the sun, and the wife the moon, so the concubines are the planets and the stars of the domestic firmament.

And it has been often truly observed, that though the Chinese may be called sensualists, there is no deification of the grosser sensualities such as is found in the classical Pantheons, and in many of the Oriental forms of faith. Tales of the amours of their gods and heroes seldom figure in their historical books or traditional legends. The dresses and external habits of the women in China are invariably modest, and on the whole the social arrangements must be considered friendly to an augmentation of the human race. The domestic affections are strong. Parents are generally fond and proud of their children, and children obedient to their parents. Order is indeed the first law of Confucius—authority and submission the apex and the basis of the social pyramid.

The sentiment of dishonour attached to the extinction of a race by the want of descendants through whom the whole line of reverential services (which some have called religious worship) rendered to Ancestors, is to be perpetual, is by no means confined to the privileged classes in China. One of our female servants—a nominal Christian—expressed her earnest desire that her husband should have another wife in her absence, and seemed quite surprised that any one should suppose such an arrangement to be in any respect improper.

MARRIAGE.

The marriage of children is one of the great concerns of families. Scarcely is a child born in

the higher ranks of life ere the question of its future espousal becomes a frequent topic of discussion. There is a large body of professional match-makers, whose business it is to put all the preliminary arrangements in train, to settle questions of dowry, to accommodate differences, to report on the pros and cons of suggested alliances. There being no hereditary honours in China—except those which reckon upwards from the distinguished son to the father, the grandfather, and the whole line of ancestry, which may be ennobled by the literary or martial genius of a descendant—the distinctions of caste are unknown, and a successful student even of the lowest origin would be deemed a fit match for the most opulent and distinguished female in the community. The severe laws which prohibit marriages within certain degrees of affinity (they do not, however, interdict it with a deceased wife's sister) tend to make marriages more prolific and to produce a healthier race of children. So strong is the objection to the marriage of blood relations, that a man and woman of the same *Sing*, or family name, cannot lawfully wed.

Soldiers and sailors are in no respect prevented from marrying. I expect there is—from the number of male emigrants—from the greater loss of men by the various accidents of life—and their abstraction in many circumstances from intercourse with women,—a great disproportion between the sexes, tending naturally enough to the lower appreciation of woman; but correct statistics are wanting in this, as indeed in every other part of the field of inquiry.

The proportion of unmarried to married people is (as would be deduced from the foregoing observations) exceedingly small. To promote marriages seems everybody's affair. Matches and betrothments naturally enough occupy the attention of the young, but not less that of the middle-aged and the old. A marriage is the great event in the life of man or woman, and in China is associated with more of preliminary negotiations—ceremonials at different steps of the negotiations—written correspondence—visitations, protocols, and conventions—than in any other part of the world.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE Council of the Royal Society has awarded the Copley Medal this year to M. Léon Foucault for his various researches in Experimental Physics; and the two Royal Medals to Mr. John Russell Hind, for his discovery of ten Planetoids, the computation of their orbits, and various other astronomical discoveries; and to J. O. Westwood, Esq., President of the Entomological Society, for his various Monographs and Papers on Entomology.

Mr. Brodie has been elected Professor of Chemistry at Oxford.

Unlike the City of London, the town of Hertford has adopted a resolution to found a public library. The meeting was a very large one; most of the Town Council were present; and the resolution passed without voice being raised against it. Gog and Magog should be sent to school to Hertford.

A Correspondent (writing from the City of London) who feels rather sore at the position in which the recent vote at Guildhall has placed himself and his fellow citizens with respect to the intellectual community, writes in explanation and in protest as follows:—"Do not, my dear —, let the English public imagine that the citizens of London are, as a body, responsible for the ridiculous vote of last week. The 'wooden heads' beat the 'men of brains,' it is true; but not in a fair fight. Had you been there in person, and seen the motley crowd—the pot-boys, wharfingers, and dustmen, who (by Tooley-Street licence) were supposed to represent the heart and brain of the first city in the world—you would have qualified your scorn. In fact, the meeting was an unfair representation of liberal and enlightened London. No one, I think, who knows the City will deny this fact. If there be any with sufficient hardihood, let him first of all inquire in the neighbourhood of the Mansion House what steps were taken to secure a fair attendance at the meeting? On this point I have heard many complaints. The opponents of

the Bill (in other words, the champions of the old powers and abuses of the corporation) were active; they roused their friends; they employed all their strength. The friends of the Bill were not invited to attend. No appeal was made to the liberal rate-payers. Many of them only heard of the meeting when they read the reproaches of the press. Have I not, therefore, my dear —, a right to protest against the injustice of confounding this wretched act of a party with the deliberate wishes of the citizens of London?"—Our Correspondent's warmth is natural. His explanation (assuming that his facts are quite correct) is also natural. But surely the "liberal and enlightened citizens" are not free from blame when they abdicate their influence on a question of this kind to any party or clique, to the public-house interest or the corporation interest. Again, can it be true (and we hear the fact from other quarters) that the friends of a free library were never called together?

Meanwhile we hear, with very great pleasure, of the growing usefulness of free libraries in those northern towns which had the sense and courage to introduce the system. The seventh Report of the Salford Free Library, now before us, says:—"The demand for useful knowledge by the artisans, mechanics, and other operatives, who have so largely availed themselves of the benefits of the Library and Museum, has, during the six years of its existence, continued steadily to increase, thus proving to demonstrate the desirableness of establishing free public libraries, and especially in populous districts. The number of volumes issued in the Reference Library in the past year is 73,780, and in the Lending Library, 34,822, making an aggregate of 108,602 volumes delivered to readers, thus showing that nearly one-third part of the books are taken to the dwellings of the applicants for careful reading and study. The Executive Committee, finding the usefulness of the Lending Library gradually extending, and the circulation rapidly increasing, have added by purchase during the past year about 1,800 volumes of carefully selected books, and the Lending Library now consists of nearly 5,000 volumes. The Reference Library has likewise been augmented by donations and by purchase to the extent of 1,200 volumes, of which 1,043 volumes have been by donation, making an addition of 3,150 volumes in the year."

Prince Albert will visit Birmingham next week to open the Midland Institute. Great preparations are being made for the reception of royalty in this democratic town.—Earl Stanhope is about to join the band of noble lecturers. We see that the graceful and gossipy historian is announced to deliver a lecture at the Midland Institute next week, the day after Prince Albert's visit.

By the accidental dropping of a couple of letters out of the second column of our review of Mr. Longfellow's poem, we made Nikomis, the grandmother of Hiawatha, an "old gentleman," instead of an "old gentlewoman,"—a mistake, though the context made it obvious enough, which is worth a note of correction.

Mr. George Roberts, late Mayor of Lyme, sends us the following notes on Fielding's suspected design to carry off Miss Andrew; and which notes we place at the service of Mr. Laurence, whose 'Life of Fielding' we reviewed last week:—"Henry Fielding was at Lyme Regis, Dorset, for the purpose of carrying off an heiress, Miss Andrew, the daughter of Solomon Andrew, Esq., the last of a series of merchants of that name at Lyme. The young lady was living with Mr. Andrew Tucker, one of the corporation, who sent her away to Modbury, in South Devon, where she married an ancestor of the present Rev. Mr. Rhodes, an eloquent preacher of Bath, who possesses the Andrew property. Mr. Rhodes's son married the young lady upon his return to Modbury from Oxford. The circumstances about the attempts of Henry Fielding to carry off the young lady, handed down in the ancient Tucker family, were doubted by the late head of his family, Dr. Rhodes, of Shapwick, Uplyme, &c. Since his decease I have found an entry in the old archives of Lyme about the fears of Andrew Tucker, Esq., the guardian, as to his safety, owing to the behaviour of Henry Fielding and his attendant, or man. According to the tra-

dition of the Tucker family, given in my 'History of Lyme,' Sophia Western was intended to pourtray Miss Andrew.—I am, &c.

GEORGE ROBERTS."

The misunderstanding between Government and the Royal Society is at an end. We have much satisfaction in stating that the Government has ordered the sum of £1,000 to be placed at the disposal of the Royal Society this year for scientific purposes, and has informed the Council of the Society that a similar sum will be annually included in the Miscellaneous Estimates for the advancement of science.

In the latest columns of the *Bombay Times* we regret to find a record of the death of Dr. J. H. Gould (son of the eminent ornithologist), whose appointment as an Assistant-Surgeon in the service of the East India Company, under very gratifying circumstances, was noticed in our columns. The promise which he gave in his professional and scientific pursuits during the very short career which has thus abruptly and unexpectedly terminated, were such as justified the anticipations of his friends, and of the sagacious and liberal Director who appointed him. Dr. Gould was sent into Scinde soon after his arrival in India, where, amid the occupations of military duty, he found leisure to study and collect largely in illustration of the natural history of the province. The vigour, clearness, and accurate observation of his notes, some of which have appeared in the *Proceedings of the Zoological Society*, indicated a power of authorship which must have ultimately placed him among the most accomplished writers on India. He had two previous attacks of Scinde fever, from which he recovered. He was seized by a third on his route to Bombay, in the month of September: this, on his arrival there, was followed by brain-fever, which, notwithstanding some prospect of convalescence on the 2nd of October, appears to have terminated fatally on the 4th.

The Porte is said to have granted the required firman for the Kustendje Canal, from the bend of the Danube to the Black Sea:—a vast work, scarcely second in importance to the opening of the great road through Egypt.

Dr. Barth is receiving in his own country the reward of his laborious travels and interesting discoveries. The King of Württemberg has conferred on him the order of the Württemberg Crown. It is not every day that you catch a live gentleman who can tell you the latest news from Timbuctu.

A new volume, containing letters of Goethe, his wife (Mdlle. Vulpius), and his son August, to the late Dr. Nicolaus Meyer, of Minden (formerly of Weimar), has been added to the always increasing Goethe Correspondence. The letters, which appear now for the first time in print, yield a picture of Goethe's house and family, and contain, besides, a poem of Goethe, never published before.

We read the following in the *Daily News*:—“It is proposed by the Schiller Union, at Leipzig, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Schiller's birthday by sending diplomas of honour to those who by the pencil, dramatic art, criticism, translation, or otherwise, have distinguished themselves in extending and advancing the fame of the great poet. The names of Carlyle, in England, Adler-Mesnard and Hase, in France, and Maffei, in Milan, are among the names mentioned as entitled to this honour.”

A Genoa paper announces a discovery at Rancia, in Egypt, of a great number of coins of the period of the Ptolemies, together with some other Egyptian antiquities, said to be of great interest. A guard has been placed over the ground to prevent the dispersion of these treasures.

The Rhine has lost another of its picturesque and pictorial embellishments in the old mill at Alphen, on the lower part of the stream. The mill, in which it is said Rembrandt was born, has been burnt down.

As an illustration of manners and opinion in Russia, the following little story, picked from a miscellaneous news-letter in the *Times*, may be cited in a literary journal. A bookseller of Helsingfors, who was desirous of proceeding to Sweden on business, was informed by the police, on his applying for a passport, that there were no books

wanted now in Russia, and therefore he might spare himself the journey. The passport was refused!

The tablet commemorative of Sir Christopher Wren is still dislodged from the entrance to the choir of St. Paul's. A rude square excrescence from the organ occupies its place, and appears to be a remnant of the arrangements for the Duke's funeral in 1852. It is a perfect eyesore; even a gap would be better. For such an inscription the place never was a happy one. It belongs rather to the name of the donor of the organ. An inscription upon the architecture itself should refer to the sanctity of the inclosure beyond. The original words, so happily applied also by Mr. Rogers, in his 'Italy,' to Masaccio,—

Si monumentum requiri circunspice,
are graven on a pillar in the crypt beneath, where the gaze of the visitor is necessarily limited, and where, if even the gloom be dispelled, few architectural features meet the eye. The same words, if engraved on the pavement beneath the dome, would be far more impressive. Mr. Penrose, the architect to the cathedral, is said to be actively engaged upon the Wellington Sarcophagus. Three of the Thornhill paintings of the dome still retain their dingy coat. The father-in-law of Hogarth may not have great cause to thank Mr. Parr for this temporary revival, but the public has: by thus deferring original attempts in their place till modern artists have gained a little more experience and strength of wing, we may hope that a complete series of national decorations will be realized, not in the dome only, but extending over every part of the interior. Instead of beginning, failing, and then throwing up the work in despair, or calling in foreign assistance, Wren's original design of mosaic work in the vaultings may be carried out, and too on far better principles than were in vogue during his lifetime. Delay and careful watching will insure success.

A Correspondent (C. W. R.) says:—“Every student will agree with the writer of the paragraph, 'Historical Portraits,' in your last week's 'Miscellanea,' that, at least for the purposes of the historian, 'historical portrait galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of national collections of pictures whatever.' The writer is mistaken, however, in supposing that 'in no country is there at present such a thing to be found.' One of my most agreeable travelling recollections is of a forenoon spent in the Portrait Room of the well-known Ambras Museum, in the Belvedere Palace at Vienna. This most interesting museum was formed in the latter half of the sixteenth century, by the Archduke Ferdinand, son of the Emperor of that name; and, as the objects which it contains were all selected chiefly with a view to their historical associations, its value in this respect is exceedingly great. Even as a mere repository of Art and Antiquities it is highly creditable; its collection of gems, cameos, precious stones, &c., is, in some respects, only second to that of the Grüne Gewölbe at Dresden; and its specimens of armour are, beyond all dispute, the most interesting in Europe. But its great attraction for the historical student lies in the collection of portraits, which, large and small, number considerably above a thousand. They are, for the most part, stiff, hard, and unartistic; but they bear, with few exceptions, the stamp of unmistakeable genuineness. A large proportion of them are contemporary portraits; and the rest are, generally speaking, copies from contemporary portraits, made at the desire of the founder of the collection. Above a hundred of the number are portraits of royal personages. Among these it need hardly be said that a large space is given to the family of the founder, Rudolph of Habsburg (a copy from the effigies upon his tomb at Speier, now destroyed), with those remarkable features which still form the characteristic of his race,—the Emperor Maximilian, that familiar face so often repeated by the artist in his exquisite mausoleum at Innspruck,—the stately but winning smile of Mary of Burgundy,—the passionate yet dreamy and almost fatuous face of Johanna (mother of Charles the Fifth), strongly recalling Mrs. Hemans's noble ballad,—Charles the Fifth himself, first as a child, between

his two sisters, one of whom plays with her doll; then in the full vigour of manhood, with that stern brow before which men often quailed,—Philip,—Ferdinand,—Don John of Austria, &c. Other royal houses, too, are fully represented. Charles's great rival, Francis the First,—Mary Stuart (a portrait quite different in character from those of Versailles and of Holyrood),—even down to our own Queen Anne. In the notabilities of the Reformation, too, both civil and ecclesiastical, the collection is most rich; and although, from the inconvenient manner in which the portraits are (or at the time of my visit, 1849, were) hung, and from the small size of a considerable number of them, it is difficult to obtain a satisfactory inspection,—yet, by availing myself of an artist's ladder, I contrived fully to gratify my curiosity, if, indeed, I may not call the feeling by a far higher name. Surely, too, the noble Sala degli Imperatori and Sala dei Filosofi in the Capitol at Rome, are entitled to be numbered as Historical Galleries! The Galleries at Versailles, also, although not strictly *portrait galleries*, contain what may almost be called a Pictorial History of France,—as in some sense do the frescoes of the Vatican Library a Pictorial History of the Christian Church. Nevertheless the observation of the writer must be admitted to be almost universally a just one; and at all events for England it is true in the widest and most humiliating sense. I have often thought that, if a beginning were once made, it would not be difficult to avert this national shame. Many families would gladly contribute portraits from their collections, which often contain interesting duplicates,—others would at least furnish copies; and thus the next generation might perhaps find itself in possession of a tolerably complete historical 'GALLERY of Illustrious Englishmen.' ”

FIFTH SEASON.—THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.—Stiches and Water-Colours Drawings of the British School, including a Complete Collection of the Engraved Works after Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., IS NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON, at the Gallery, 12, Pall Mall, from 10 till 5 o'clock—Admission, 1s. Catalogues, 6d.

CRIMEAN PHOTOGRAPHS.—EVENING EXHIBITION.—From Seven to Ten. The Public is respectfully informed that the THREE HUNDRED PHOTOGRAPHS taken by ROBERT FOX TALBOT, during the exhibition, each cost One Shilling. The Exhibition is open from Ten to Five. Admission One Shilling to Crimean Photograph Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—SPECIAL JUVENILE MORNING.—Wednesday, commencing with a **REGULAR LECTURE** by Mr. H. C. East, and followed at 2 p.m. by **DISOLVING VIEWS OF THE WAR**; 230; **SEMAPHORE EXPLOSIONS**, &c.; 330; **CONJURING TRICKS**, by Mr. BURMANS; 4; the **MAGNIFICENT FIRE-CLOUD**; 435; the second and last series of **DISSOLVING VIEWS**, illustrating LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES.

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—Nov. 12.—Admiral Beechey, President, in the chair.—Capt. R. Collinson, R.N., Mr. Anderson, R.N., the Rev. Brownrigg Smith, and Mr. T. W. Laroche were elected Fellows.—Sir R. I. Murchison reported to the meeting the completion and erection of the Bellot Monument at the Quay at Greenwich.—The papers read were—'Accounts of a Journey to the Australian Alps,' by Dr. Frederick Müller, communicated by the Colonial Office; with notes from Capt. Sturt, announcing the departure of the North Australian Expedition, under Mr. Gregory, and extracts of a letter from the Rev. W. B. Clarke, of New South Wales, to the Secretary of the Society.—This Expedition, which originated with, and was strongly recommended by, the Royal Geographical Society to Her Majesty's Government, has at length started. The Monarch received on board 50 horses and 200 sheep at Eagle Farm for the service of Mr. Gregory's exploring Expedition. The whole of the party left Brisbane, New South Wales, on the 1st of August, and the two vessels were to proceed to sea with the least possible delay, making directly for the Victoria River, by the route of Torres Strait. The objects of the Expedition are, briefly, to trace the Victoria to its source, and to determine the character of the north-western interior, and afterwards to endeavour to find out a more direct track than the circuitous track route traversed by Leichardt, from the head of the Gulf of Carpentaria to the settlements on the eastern

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coast comprised under the general name of Moreton Bay. The labours of Mr. Gregory and his companions are likely to be of vast importance, not only to the Australian colonies, but to the whole civilized world. The time required to do this is not less than three years. The record of so much travel among savage and unknown scenes cannot fail to be interesting in the highest degree. The following are the names of the parties who have started on this important Expedition:—Mr. A. G. Gregory, Commander; Mr. H. C. Gregory, Assistant Surveyor; Mr. J. L. Elsley, Surgeon and Naturalist; Mr. T. Baines, Artist and Storekeeper; Dr. F. Miller, Botanist; Mr. J. S. Wilson, Geologist; Mr. T. Flood, Assistant Collector of Specimens of Natural History; First Overseer, Phipps; Second, Humphries. The following men have been hired for general work:—W. Stowell, J. Melville, W. Selby, J. G. M'Donald, R. Beaumont, W. Dawson, Dean, and Richards. Besides the above, a prisoner of the Crown named Fahy, captured several months ago near the Bunya mountains, and who had lived many years with the aborigines, goes with the Expedition, and two blacks from Moreton Island were expected to be obtained. Altogether the Expedition appears to be well appointed; and doubtless every precaution, dictated by the experience of previous explorers, has been taken to crown it with ultimate success.—Letters from Dr. Livingston in Africa, accompanied by a New Map of the Interior, as communicated to Sir R. I. Murchison.

GEOLOGICAL.—Nov. 7.—W. J. Hamilton, Esq., President, in the chair.—W. Harrison, Esq. was elected a Fellow.—The following communications were read.—'On the Coal of the North-Western Districts of Asia Minor,' by Mr. H. Poole, communicated by the Foreign Office.—Mr. Poole, in his Reports to the Government on the result of his journey to Asia Minor to examine into the probability of workable coal being found in the country near Brussa and Ghio (Bithynia), in which coal had been reported to occur, states that he travelled from Ghio to the Lake Ascania and around its shore without finding any traces of coal; then from Gallova inland to Ortokoi, with like result. He next went from Gallova westwards along the coast as far as Komikoi, where a bed of lignite, nine inches thick, was worked to some extent by the Armenians four years since; thence he went inland to Sulmanli, without seeing any indications of coal. In consequence of rumours of the existence of coal near the Lake of Apollonia, Mr. Poole travelled round that lake, but met with none. Mr. Poole next went from Gallova south-eastwardly to Tchougoorkoi, where lignite, varying from one to four feet in thickness, and dipping at a high angle, has been also worked by the Armenians. This lignite is of no promise. Another excursion was to the Lake Sabarda, where a thin seam of lignite crossing the road on the south of the lake, and lignite at Ag Sophie, to the east of the lake, were visited. Nowhere did Mr. Poole find proof of the existence of good workable coal in the districts visited.—'On the Newer Tertiary Deposits of the Sussex Coast,' by Mr. R. Godwin-Austen.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Nov. 13.—Dr. Gray in the chair.—Mr. Gould brought before the notice of the meeting a remarkably fine specimen of hummingbird, which he had lately received from Ecuador. This new bird is remarkable for its large size, deeply-forked tail, and the harmonious hues of its plumage, which although less glittering and metallic than in many other species, is nevertheless strikingly beautiful. Mr. Gould considered this bird to be new to science both generically and specifically, and as the name of *Victoria regia* had been given to one of the finest flowers of the same part of South America, he was desirous of dedicating this new humming-bird to the Empress of the French, and he accordingly proposed to name it *Eugenia imperatrix*. Its native habitat is the vast Andean forests, in the neighbourhood of Quito in Ecuador, where it procures its insect food from the bell-shaped flowers of the *Datura*.—Mr. P. L. Sclater read a paper containing characters of six undescribed birds belonging to the South American family *Bucconidae*:—1, *Bucco hyperythrus*, from

Eastern Peru; 2, *Bucco Dysoni* (of which the type specimen in the British Museum was brought by Mr. Dyson from Honduras); 3, *Bucco pulmentum*; 4, *Bucco picatus*; 5, *Monachus peruanus*, all three from Eastern Peru; 6, *Malacoptilas nigripectus*, from Bogota. This addition to the species already described in Mr. Sclater's synopsis of the group raised the total number of species now known to forty in number. Mr. Sclater also exhibited a table showing the geographic range of all the species of the family.—Dr. Gray characterized the following new genera of freshwater tortoises:—*Aromochelys*, *Macrochelys*, *Pseudochelys*, and the following new species: *Amyda unicolor*, from Ceylon, *Kinosternon hippocrepis*, *Kinosternon punctatum*, *Aromochelys carinata*, from North America, *Chelodina Collei* and *Chelodina sulcata*, from New Holland.—Mr. Cumming communicated two papers by Dr. L. Pfeiffer, containing descriptions of thirty-nine new species of *Achatinella*, collected by M. de Frick and Dr. Newcomb in the Sandwich Islands. The whole of the species were in Mr. Cumming's own collection. Dr. Crisp exhibited a preparation of the common snake showing the mode of egress of the eggs.—Some interesting papers were announced for the next meeting, which will take place on November 27th.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Nov. 13.—James Simpson, Esq., President, in the chair.—'On the Construction of Buoys, Beacons, and other Stationary Floating Bodies,' by Mr. G. Herbert.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—Nov. 13.—Dr. J. Lee in the chair.—The Chairman exhibited some Papyri, which had been arranged by Mr. Bonomi and Mr. Heath. Mr. Sharpe read on them the name of Rameses II., and believed that they merely contained religious formulae of that epoch.—The Chairman also exhibited photographs of monuments and other subjects, taken in Egypt by Miss Selina Harris.—Mr. Ainsworth gave some details of the discovery of a Sarcophagus with Phenician Inscription on it at Sidon, also descriptive details concerning the same. Dr. Benisch read a translation of the Inscription by the Rabbi Isidor Kelisch, with remarks upon the mode of decipherment. This translation was compared with others made by Dr. Dietrich of Marburg, by the Duc de Luynes in Paris, and by Mr. W. Turner and E. E. S. in the Journal of the American Oriental Society. Archdeacon Raymond observed upon the slight discrepancies exhibited by three different translations, that we had succeeded in deciphering in the present day that which had already, in the time of Homer, been given up as a lost language. Mr. Hogg gave an account of the efforts which he had made, as Foreign Secretary to the Royal Society of Literature, to secure this valuable monument to the British Museum, but which had not been attended with success.—Mr. Sharpe made a communication respecting the important discovery made by Zumpt of Pagan evidence to the effect that Cyrenius was Governor of Syria (only employed in Cilicia) at the time of our Saviour's birth, as stated by St. Luke the Evangelist.

METINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Mon. Royal Academy, 8.—'Anatomy,' by Prof. Partridge. Statistical, 8.—'On the Meeting of the Statistical Congress at Paris, in September, 1855,' by Mr. Leone Levi. British Architects, 8.

Tues. Archaeological, 2. Literary, 8.

Wed. Civil Engineers, 8.—'On the Application of Volute Springs to the Safety Valves of Locomotive Boilers,' by Mr. J. Baillie. Geological, 8.—'Notices of the Artesian Well through the Chalk at Kentish Town,' by Mr. J. Prestwich, jun. 'Notice of the Upper Silurian Rocks of Lismahago, in the South of Scotland, in which Mr. Silmon has discovered Fossil Crustaceans,' by Sir Roderick Murchison. 'Description of some Fossils, collected from limestone in the South of Scotland,' by Mr. J. W. Salter. Society of Arts, 8.—'Introductory Address on the Opening of the Session,' by the Rev. Dr. Booth.

Thurs. Royal, 8.

Fri. Philological, 8.

FINE ARTS

The Life of Luther, in Forty-eight Historical Engravings. By Gustavus Koenig. With Explanations by Archdeacon Hare; continued by Susanna Winkworth. Longman & Co.

THESE plates are plates of no common interest,—and the letter-press is such as is seldom written

merely to explain a series of engravings. The work, begun by Archdeacon Hare, was interrupted by his death, and is now continued, from his books of reference and notes, by Miss Winkworth. The chief authorities consulted have been the biographies of Luther written by Melanthon, Mathesius, Meurer and Jurgens, the Reformer's own letters and his precious volume of Table-Talk. Ranke, D'Aubigné, and Waddington have also been consulted by the editress with much care and praiseworthy industry. Honour to the hand that heaps but one stone more on the cairn that covers the bones of one of the Titans of the earth! This miner's son was rough-tongued and coarse of speech, but of a lion heart and iron hand.

Very beautifully, in such a rugged nature, all aggressive and destructive, appear the more tender aspects. His love of his children, for whom he writes fairy stories;—his fondness for music, that drives the hypochondriacal devil from him, as it did from Saul;—his affection for Catherine, his wife;—his delight in his garden and fountain, in birds, are all so many traits of a wide dominion of brain,—of its many regions of fancy and imagination, of a large heart, and a love for God and man.

Nor are his sadder moments less touching:—his hypochondria, when he flings his inkstand at the devil, who mocks his difficulties with the Hebrew Bible,—his agonies in the convent cell,—his sorrow at his daughter's death,—his despair, like that of Banyan or Cromwell, of mercy and salvation. To Error he is fierce and deadly. He grapples with it, throws it, tramples on it, defies it to the utterance; but to his friends he is gentle, to his wife fond, to his children loving.

The plates of this volume are unusually good. They are of the Albert Dürer style, elaborate in detail, and with no centre of interest; but are full of German honesty and sincerity—are correct as to costume and manners—and are not unworthy of the subject. Can we say more?

A short review of them is the best preface to our remarks. In the first, the Thuringian miner, Luther's father, is praying for God's grace upon the new-born Reformer, as yet not dreaming of Bulls or Popes, and quite insensible to their abuses. We next see him at the Latin school, learning the use of the weapons with which he will one day pierce the Dragon, and bruise the Scarlet Lady. The miner's son being once flogged fifteen times in a forenoon we may presume he was somewhat troubled with *hic, hac, hoc*, which he afterwards mastered with a good deal more. We then follow him to Magdeburg, not yet devastated by Tilly, where he and other lads sing *Panem proper Deum at citizens' doors* out of school hours in a cheerful treble. A kind matron, won by his piety and his excellent voice, takes him into her house at the High School at Erfurt. In ransacking dusty nooks in the University library he finds a Latin Bible, and it is as a revelation. He pushes by Aristotle for ever.

The next plate is a melo-dramatic picture, and represents Luther praying over the dead body of a College friend, the event which some say drove him into a convent and filled him with hypochondriacal fears. The truth is, that his friend was killed in a duel; and it was on another occasion in the same year that unscientific Luther was frightened by a thunder-storm. Now he enters into an Augustine convent at Erfurt, contrary to the wishes of his friends, terrified at the thought of God's wrath and the death of Alexis. His father, who had just arranged a marriage for him, is implacable at the folly of a youth of twenty-two. The father doubts that the apparition to Luther, driving him into a convent, was nothing but a vision bred by the fumes of a disordered stomach. A little further on in the path from one eternity to another eternity, he is ordained priest. He has an awful idea of the dignity of a priest's office, and trembles as the Bishop's hands touch his shaven head. His troubles grow darker, and his penances threefold; his scourge is red with blood; he prays at night in agony at the foot of altars shining in the night lamps. His hot tears drip on the cold stones of the cloisters, where the dead monks sleep below; as he himself said, "I became the

most miserable man on earth day and night, and howled and was in despair, and no man could help me." He fasts till he falls into a fainting fit, and the Abbot is obliged to break open his cell, and revive him with music. In this despair he is comforted by an old monk, who preaches to him of infinite mercy.

Now he mounts, mounts,—the Elector of Saxony sends for him to lecture on Aristotle at the new University at Wittenberg. Shrewd men, who look with earnestness, see in the young monk already a reformer. He preaches in the Convent chapel, and talks much of St. Anne and St. Thomas Aquinas. Soon he hurries to Rome to discharge a vow, and goes up steps on his knees, and believes everything. His mind is fevered, and he hears voices from heaven. He has been long getting to the shrine, and now looking in he finds nothing but dead bones, and a mummy for a God. Italian priests disgust him with their atheism and irreverence. But Luther is in earnest, and hates all seeming. He returns to be created Doctor, and yet believes he has not long to live,—being hypochondriacal, ambitious, and full of racking doubts. He is loaded with business,—is temporary Vicar-General,—lectures on St. Paul, writes on the Psalms, and scribbles letters for the whole order.

This quiet life is not for the dragon-slayer. The absurdity of the sale of indulgences arrests his attention; and with a sturdy, unheating hand he nails up his list of ninety-five Theses on the church-door of Wittenberg. The echo of that hammer shook the Vatican. He defends his Theses before the Legate Gaetan at old Augsburg; and, afraid of the fate of Huss, escapes by night to his own friendly University and his own sturdy body-guard. He then disputes publicly with the Professor Eck, before the Duke of Saxony. He grows daily more daring; and in a hot flame, at the town-gate of Wittenberg, burns the Pope's Bull, and finds that Heaven does not open to rebuke him.

Fresh dangers await the strong worker. Charles the Fifth, the young Emperor, summons him to a conference at Worms. He goes in triumph, not caring for Satan, Pope, or Emperor,—not caring though every tile in every roof in Worms were a prying, grinning devil. He prepares by prayer for the Diet; and an old soldier bids the poor monk be of good courage and stand firm. Tell Luther to stand firm! Why he is compact granite and iron.

The first day, amid the blaze of stars and crowns, he is timid; the next day he has grown bold as a denouncing Joel. He will not bate a jot. On his way back, the Elector Frederick seizes him, and hurries him to a secret shelter in the old fortress of Altenstein. Dressed as an equerry, robe and sword, he spends the time translating the Bible, much hindered by his old enemy the Devil, who mocks him out of dark corners and from behind rustling pages of the Holy Book. Hearing of heresies in his University, he hurries back,—talking with students by the way, and allaying the fury of intemperate and reckless image-breakers. Soon after this he preaches to the revolted peasants, who sack castles, impale knights, and burn and plunder like madmen in arms. To break down the bridge that still joined him to Rome, Luther, at this juncture, marries a nun, honouring marriage as the most sweet and lovely of communions. He next disputes publicly with Zwingli about the Sacrament, and presents to Charles the Augsburg Confession of Faith, much to the horror of princes, courtiers, flatterers, and parasites—men of no creed seldom changing their faith. Barons in furred robes, trunk hose, and gold chains wonder why men make such a stir about nothing, and wished the two-handed sword could only just get a blow at the restless, heretical goose-quill.

Then a world of fresh trials and duties awaits him. He finds a singing class in his own house,—mourns over a dead daughter,—pushes on with Melanchthon his translation of the Bible,—has interviews with a penitent robber,—plays with his children in a summergarden,—comforts sick friends,—sits to Lucas Cranach for his portrait,—converses much with the Elector John Frederick,—prays to men spotted by the plague,—visits his native place,—and, at last, surrounded by disciples and friends,

surrenders his soul to God,—and falls asleep, pronouncing his firm confidence in the doctrines he has preached.

Thus ended sixty years spent in subverting and rebuilding. Thirty years from the time he struck that strong blow at the Wittenberg church-door, his body lay in state in the same church,—the strong arm relaxed, the strong heart still,—the work done, the workman calm.

So many years since and Luther's Monument is still growing higher and wider. One day it may cover a continent, and its peak be seen from one ocean to the other. Every day since he died there have been fresh commentaries, fresh criticisms, fresh essays; and not the least tribute to his memory is this volume,—a drawing-room book as to beauty, but for its artistic excellence a volume deserving to be a standard.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

THIS is a miniature Exhibition, although not an Exhibition of miniatures. It consists of 125 paintings in oil and water colours, and an interesting collection comprising a set of Sir Edwin Landseer's engraved works. The latter we reserve for a future notice—the former we will at once pass in review.

A pleasing taste for colour, some grace of manner, average powers of drawing, and extreme humility of aspiration, are the chief characteristics of this small collection. While several excellent landscapes and sketches from nature occupy a prominent place in the room, there is scarcely a single imaginative subject, or any attempt aiming at anything higher than pleasing drawing-room Art. When artists aim high they may often fail to hit the mark; but when they aim low failure is inevitable. To paint below even the demands of patrons will never elevate Art, or raise it to its fitting station.

The most ambitious picture in the room—that is to say the largest—is Mr. J. Sant's *Early Morn* (No. 370). This is a Highland boy sentimentalized into a sort of Connus shepherd, by all detail, whether of form or dress, being left unfinished and nearly shapeless. He is mounting a grassy slope, his crook in one hand, and looking up at the lark, who seems likely "to pick up the worm," if the proverb has any truth about the "early bird." The face is innocent—that is to say, devoid of thought—and the boy toneless and phantom-like. About the whole there is altogether a want of that solidity which long labour and careful drawing have given to Murillo's children, though they are brown, dirty, and crafty, and not all roses and cream like our own chubby batlings. Mr. Sant cannot invent, but he can still throw the poetry of childhood over his portraits. Why then should he push off such sketches upon a public worthy of a better fate, and always willing to applaud his talent?

Mr. Solomon is material and coarse; and, though a strong objective painter, a sad player on one string. Why this perpetual *Da capo*, as if A B C were made anything more by calling them C B A? Last year it was 20s. in silver, now it is 20s. in copper. There are more pieces of coin, but not a halfpenny more money. Why does his brush go so fast, if his imagination will not move at all? Some time ago we had "The First and Second Class," now it is "The Sailor-Boy's Return" (371),—that is to say, there is a midshipman very imprudently riding first-class, talking with a vacant bald-headed gentleman who looks like the butt of a club, while his daughter, a pretty young lady in the corner, is ogling him from the window. The ideal is wanting; the faces are vulgar, and the effect of the whole is conventional. The lady simpers, the old gentleman is fussy, and the midshipman shows no blood. A grain of poetry more, a grain of refinement, would turn the whole into a pleasing sketch of daily life. At present, it is neither prose nor poetry, neither well-observed truth nor well-invented fiction.

Mr. T. Jones Barker, in his *Charge of the Light Brigade* (307), has got hold of a subject with which little could be done. About this violent motion, unless it is the production of brute force, such as Rubens would have made it, or of Cavalier

picturesqueness, as in the battle-pieces of Wouwermans, there is always an unreal and constrained air. At the present moment there is danger of such scenes being chosen, rather in servile obedience to popular demand than from the instinctive impulse of genius. We have the usual plunging horses, whirling blades, astonished gunners, indignant grenadiers, much smoke, which hides defects and covers canvas; and, with all this, extreme paucity of invention.

It has often been a matter of surprise to us how painters of battle-pieces can content themselves with three hussars, with glittering sabres and spluttering horses, two over-turned cannon, three grenadiers, and one unfortunate man, on his back, in the agonies, his spasms unintentionally much increased by imperfect drawing and the difficulty of foreshortening. Is this all that the maddened delirium of all the bad passions can suggest to a painter's mind when hell is holding holiday on earth, and death springs laughing—new born in a fire flood—from the cannon's burning jaws? Are there no strong men with the weapons slipping from their gripe, no colourmen rushing forward with stern, pale faces, bent, but still defying the storm? Are there no wounded men cursing each other in the bloody straw, which was yesterday the yellow corn of autumn, the care and pride of the husbandmen, the living food, the nursering of the rain and of the shower? And was there not a drummer—say a fair-haired child, scarcely fit to leave its mother—wounded to the death, his heart already growing cold, but struggling to reach his broken drum, that he may still beat the charge? Here is a fifer wounded, but still striving to warn the boys,—and there a soldier, drying his father's wound with a bit of his sash. Are these things not written in the daily chronicles of the war? If not imaginable by the painter, there is manifest mistake somewhere. Battle-pieces are not the subjects for men on whose imaginations the light of battle has not burned. When shall we cease to find artists who cannot portray the passions of a street fight in Westminster burning to represent the glories of Alma and Balaclava?

Mr. Frith is smart, natty, arch, pretty, and clever, as usual, in his *Did you ring, Sir?* (336), but no more. Such a barmaid as he has painted is a pleasant sight at the bar, but is not worth much on canvas. If Art is to be nothing but the copy of every-day Nature, we prefer Nature which can be seen without any sixpence for admission. It is lamentable to see such art of the brush, such delicacy and firm thought in colour, thrown away in reckless nothings. If this is a sketch, it had better have been kept in the portfolio,—if an attempt to advance and strengthen a reputation,—the mere necessity of keeping before the public is no excuse for such a man as Mr. Frith. The painter of "Ramsgate Sands," must not go back to simple fractions,—and to cease to aspire is to forget the power of aspiration. The *Scene from Woodstock* (337) is pretty, but not equal to the writer it illustrates.

Mr. F. Stone seems to be content with his reputation as a clever and popular Album painter—full of "Forget-me-Not" sentiment, and "Annual" situations. Hearts that break in drawing-rooms, and heroines throwing their souls into their pianofortes when Lothario is cruel, are still his province. His imaginative flights are short, like that of the tame domestic fowl—he has nothing of the eagle's swoop; and his playfulness is heavy when he attempts it. *She is far from the Land* (378), represents a young lady looking in a quandary, with a young gentleman, dressed like Mr. Egg's Emmet, looking at her reproachfully and yet pityingly. The picture does not explain itself. The lady might be complaining of the dull state of the weather, or the stupid party last night, or of her lover dancing twice with that odious Miss Furbelow. Tom Moore's butterfly sentiment, freely interpreted, is not a thing pleasing to the artistic mind. The painting, we need not say, is good and firm, and the colour bright.

Mr. L. Topham, always manly, honest, and picturesque, repeats his Spanish scenes, in which the figures are rather auxiliary than essential. *The Hall at the Venta* (331), is from this cause rather a landscape than a figure picture. The

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mule with his scarlet tassels, and driver luxurious and indolent, with the damsel of the *venta*, who brings out the wine, are all excellently balanced.

In contrast to this lively, sketchy style is Mr. Philips' *Duet* (365), in which the figures are worked out with great reality. The mind that animates the picture seems to be essentially materialistic, dealing with what it sees and not going much further,—ideal rather in colour than in expression, yet full of artistic power and strength. The scene is alive with national manners. Winged by imagination, the same intellect might have pierced a higher mark,—but, unfeathered as it is, it wins the prize in its own class of competition. The two figures are those of two Spanish women, probably gipsies, who are rousing the Gitanos to the dance. The fingers of one wander amongst a guitar's strings with strange, wild dexterity,—the other's swarthy thumb vibrates over a tight-stretched tambourine; the black eyes of both swim with something between sin, pleasure, and mischief. Their scarlet ribbons seem to flutter with the dance music. Everything in earth and air dances to the tune, and the Fandango or the Cachucha is well a-foot.

Mr. F. Goodall's *Scene in Brittany* (341), though

not very interesting in subject, is one of the best pictures in the room, both as to depth of colour, carefulness of finish, with breadth, poetical grace, and propriety. The picture is nothing but an interior of a Breton yeoman's cottage, all polished oak wainscot and wooden roof. A Breton story is just hinted in the sidling glance that the youth spooning up his porridge casts at the beautiful adolescence peeling the turnips. A group of large-hosed veterans sit round the fire warming their shivering hands, and trying to make the glow supply the place of youth. The picture, clever and excellent as it is in many ways, has the appearance of a scene the moment before the chief actors enter.

The face of the turnip-peeling maiden is full of tender beauty. The *Raising the Maypole* (342), if we remember right, is not an original sketch, but the plan of a work already published. The costume has an unreal character about it, and the age is not strongly expressed; but with all this, though not powerful, the picture is eminently clever and full of invention, with a certain theatrical antiquarianism about it. The sturdy fellows who rear up the maypole are picturesque, and the groups of spectators ingeniously varied. The imagination is of a delicate and subtle rather than robust character, and the whole work is rather a scene than a story.

The most powerful landscape by far is Mr. J. T. Linnell's *Evening* (353); elaborate in detail, richly embossed after the manner of the Lianas; the leaves and sprays stand out, dark and numerous, against a red evening sky. The time is hay harvest; and some smooth people of the Thomson-Season clan are returning home in the foreground, and have gone nearly as far as the frame would let them. The nearest parts of the picture, with the foxgloves and other wild flowers, are scarcely powerful enough to convey the full distance of the foliage in the rear. Extreme labour has given this picture a distinctive character that secures respect, if it has not ensured complete truth.

Mr. J. Harding's views of *Cleifden* (346-7) are truthful and fresh; but the foliage is mannered and sketchy.

Mr. Wyburd still elaborates his saloon orientalisms, delicate as cobweb, and very much alike. One more fan, a pair of chopines, or a bit of gold stuff is all the difference between Zuleika and Gulnare. The thing is well done,—but the thing is not worth doing, and is too effeminate and unreal for thinking manhood. As boudoir ornaments, they are good; but as Art, little prettiness, bright, smooth, and coloured, they are worthless as so many glass beads.

Mr. B. Ansdell labours on in genial mediocrity, never bad enough to blame, hardly good enough to praise,—clever, correct, and dull, he is one of the most disappointing of animal painters. Several frightened herons having lately appeared at Exhibitions, he gives us the *Wounded Heron* (302). The *Startled Hind* (303), the *Fallow Deer* (304), are studies, not pictures.

Mrs. Sanderson, in *My last Sentry Box* (301),

gives us a fat Corporal Trim smoking in an arbour, covered with a catalogued number of leaves. Though no actual story, and scarcely worthy a large canvas and much labour, the picture is creditable.

Mr. Helmsley's *Study from Nature* (343), is a quaint country boy,—not so ugly as Mr. Hunt's, but more idyllic, and less full of truth.

Mr. C. Stanfield's *Entrance to the Zuyder Zee* (376) is nothing but a washing sea, a few boats, a seed of white-winged birds, a rude fishing jetty, and a windy sky. The waves are heavy and strong, the clouds broken and drifting, the boats creaking, pitching, and straining, the birds scattered and driven, and the pier-head is windy and bare. Mr. C. Stanfield is not likely to improve; but his experience acquires more certainty and solidity.

Of the water-colour drawings, one of the best is *Diana Vernon* (425), by Mr. F. Taylor. It is true to manner, and very breezy, fresh, and sunny, and full of open-air life and motion. The picture is still unfinished, but seems not likely to have been the better for more time expended upon it. In colour it is an improvement on Mr. Taylor's books.

Mr. Crowe's *American Loafers* (428) is a humorous sketch that requires explanation. Two booted men, like successful diggers, are sitting down on the trap-door of a cellar; while a black servant, at the adjacent door, grins at the eloquence of a disreputable loafer, with no hat and worn clothes. If the diggers are guarding their own property, there is much oddity in the anxiety of their countenances.

Mr. W. Hunt's *Fruit* (408) is as wonderful as ever. His pears are mottled and bruised, just as pears are wont to be. His grapes have a somewhat harder and less natural look.

Mrs. Oliver's *Junction of the Tahn* (412), and *Near Ambleside* (413), are more firm, bright, and fresh than usual.

In marble, Mr. Munro stands alone, with an imagination refined almost to effeminacy. His four works are, a medallion of *Dante's Beatrice* (426), a *Frieze of the Seasons* (427), the *Evening Star* (429), and two groups, a *Brother and Sister* (428). His 'Beatrice,' the soul of purity, is not Italian; but rather English and aristocratic, like an idealization of May-Fair sisters. The frieze is a chain of graceful fancies; the 'Evening Star,' a beautiful bit of Christian mythology.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The chief feature about the list of awards made to our English artists by the Paris Jurors is the number and importance of what are described as the "names withdrawn from competition." Among these we find some of the chief members of the Royal Academy,—Sirs C. Eastlake and W. Ross, and Messrs. Baily, Mulready, Macilise, Creswick, Redgrave, Herbert, Gibson, Dyce. As we said last week, on printing the list of the *Estafette*, the preliminary rumours were far wide of the mark. The following are the awards as announced:—

Large Gold Medal: Sir E. Landseer, R.A.—**First Class Gold Medals:** F. Grant, R.A.; Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A.; C. R. Leslie, R.A.; C. Stanfield, R.A.; G. Cattermole; R. Thorburn, R.A.; J. H. Robinson.—**Second Class Gold Medals:** E. M. Ward, R.A.; D. Roberts, R.A.; W. E. Frith, R.A.; T. Webster, R.A.; J. E. Millais, R.A.; F. Taylor; L. Hughe; S. Cousins, R.A.—**Third Class Gold Medals:** R. Ansdell; W. Hunt (watercolours); G. T. Doe; P. F. Poole, R.A.; John Thompson; F. Y. Hurlstone; D. Macneie, R.S.A.—**Honourable Mention:** F. W. Topham; H. Warren; E. H. Wehnert; J. Wilson, Jun.; J. Cross; F. Goodall, R.A.; E. H. Corbould; E. W. Cooke; F. Danby, R.A.; A. Elmore, R.A.; J. D. Harding; J. Holland; J. C. Horsley, R.A.; J. Phillip; John Pye; L. Stocks, R.A.; E. Stone; H. T. Wells.—The following architects have received either medals or honourable mention: Sir C. Barry, R.A. (grand medal); J. C. Cockerell, R.A.; Owen Jones; T. L. Donaldson; P. Hardwick, R.A.; G. Scott, R.A.; E. Falkenar; T. Hamilton, of Edinburgh; Decimus Burton; G. Fowler; Thomas

Wyatt; T. Allom; Digby Wyatt; R. Kendall; H. Shaw.

Now that the awards are made, it is felt how mischievous to English Art—to its rank in European opinion as a school, as well as to the separate interests of the individual artists—was that unconquerable apathy which met the scheme in the beginning. Few artists gave themselves any trouble in the matter. We do not know of one who was really zealous. Hardly one in ten gave the Committee the assistance of his taste and knowledge. Pictures and models were obtained anywhere and anywhere. And they were huddled away to Paris, often without the consent, sometimes without the knowledge, of painter or sculptor. In some cases (notably in one case) the pictures had suffered damage by time, by damp, by exposure. Yet the artist had no opportunity of rejecting or retouching his work before it was hung up in the face of Europe, and in contrast with canvases preserved with a sort of religious care. We know of one R.A. who was so disgusted with the dull, spotty, and opaque surface of a picture which twenty years ago—when he last saw it—had been full of light and of brilliant colours, that he took out his pencil to write on it "damaged." It was the chief work by which he was represented.—After all and more than reasonable allowance for and acknowledgment of the inadequate representation of English Art on the occasion, we have found it difficult—indeed impossible—to determine on what principle these prizes have been awarded. Take Sculpture, for example. If the award be assumed to rest upon the positive merit of the works then and there exhibited, surely the Sculpture made as good a show and deserved recognition as much as the Architectural Drawings,—and yet we see a long list of the names of architects so distinguished, while there is not one prize awarded to our sculptors, although among them were our Professor, Sir R. Westmacott, Messrs. Baily, Gibson, Foley, M'Dowall, Marshall, Bell and others. If, again, the awards were made on reputation and European fame, how is it that English sculptors have been entirely ignored? There is a mystery in this which we cannot fathom: it smacks strongly of intentional slight, and therefore of injustice. This, and all it suggests, applies to the award of the Jurors; but there is another point which concerns the English artists themselves, about which we are just as much puzzled. What is the meaning of the long list of artists who professedly withdrew from the competition? What does this mean? When did they withdraw? We were of course in communication, from time to time, with Jurors and others; yet, up to a late period, we never heard a whisper about these withdrawals. Were they determined on by the respective artists after they had an intimation of the general character of the first voting in classes?—when, amongst Englishmen, Landseer was the only painter brought forward, and Gibson the only sculptor; and Gibson had a second-class medal only awarded to him, and Mr. Labouchere, as we are informed and believe, insisted on withdrawing his name altogether rather than subject him to this degradation. If this were the case, we cannot approve the proceeding:—it was a sacrifice of the national to the personal—the great to the petty. All who had entered the arena should have held on to the issue,—and left the awards to justify themselves, if they could do so.

The Graphic Society, which holds its pleasant meetings in the rooms of University College, has made a grant from its funds of 100 guineas to the Council of the College for the embellishment of the Flaxman Hall. That Hall, some of our younger readers may be glad to be reminded, contains the models of Flaxman's best works; and is beyond comparison the best place in which to study the genius, the peculiarities, and the method of our greatest English sculptor.

On Tuesday morning Prince Albert made a round of visits to the sculptors. Messrs. Baily and M'Dowall are working at models of Fox and Pitt for the New Palace; and it was the desire to see these works in progress that carried royalty to their respective studios. Mr. Baily, as our readers know, is at work on a poetical theme for the Prince.

The subject is 'A Circassian Captive,' and the work will necessarily court comparison with another celebrated statue of the same order. Prince Albert afterwards went to see the model of Baron Marochetti's monument about to be erected at Scutari in honour of our buried heroes.

A number of Royal Academicians, together with some personal friends of the late Mr. Carter, the engraver of Mr. Ward's 'South Sea Bubble' and Mr. Goodall's 'Village Festival', are endeavouring to raise a fund in behalf of his widow and nine daughters. The latter were, very fortunately, taught the business of millinery in the engraver's lifetime; and it is the desire of their friends to start them in a shop. About a hundred pounds have been already contributed.

The Architectural Exhibition progresses well, and a great improvement upon last year is expected. Drawings and specimens are to be sent in on the 4th and 5th of December, and it opens with a *conversazione* on the evening of the 16th.

On Monday evening last Mr. J. K. Colling delivered a Lecture 'On Form, Light, and Shade in Architectural Foliage.' He called especial attention to their prototypes in nature, showing the mode in which they might be adapted for ornamentation. The numerous audience testified to the popularity of his subject. The front seats were occupied by ladies nicely observant of patterns, the remainder by architects and diligently noting artizans.

Prince Barberini, having made some excavations near Preneste, has turned up a perfect mine of curiosities:—small gold plates, ivory carvings, Etruscan vases, and mystic cysti.

Nuremberg is preparing to rival Sydenham. The finest medieval works of the city are being modelled; 200 specimens of great excellence are already obtained.—A bust of the philosopher Schelling has just been added to the Munich Walhalla. It is the work of the sculptor Holwig.—King Ludwig, always alive to Art, has just purchased Herr Cotze's picture of 'The Death of Wallenstein.'

A picture by Herr Moritz Rugendas, 'Columbus Landing in the New World,' draws at present the attention of the Art-loving public of Munich. It is said to excel, not only as an historical composition, but also by the glow and characteristic truth of the tropical landscape, and has been painted by special command of the King, who entrusted Herr Rugendas with this task on account of his having spent a great part of his life in West India and South America.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Exeter Hall.—Conductor Mr. COSTA.—On FRIDAY NEXT, November 23, will be performed Spohr's LAIS DE JUDEMENT, and Beethoven's "SIE VIEL WERK." The vocalists:—Caroline, Rosina, and Sophie, DOLBY, Lockey, and Mrs. THOMAS. The Orchestra, the most extensive in Exeter Hall, will consist of (including 16 Double Basses) nearly 70 performers.—Tickets, 3s. and 1s. 6d. The Society's new performance in Exeter Hall will be sold, where also may be taken subscriptions for One, Two, or Three Guinea per annum.

last, being the commencement of the season, presents the most favourable time for parties entering.

St. MARTIN'S HALL.—Beethoven's 'MOUNT of OLIVES' and Handel's 'ACIS and GALATEA' will be performed, under the direction of MR. JOHN HULLAH, on WEDNESDAY, November 21. Principal Vocalists: Mrs. Endersohn, Lucy Esoot, Mr. Wilbey Cooper, Mr. Monten Smith, Mr. Winn—Tickets, 1s. and 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s; may be had of the Musicians, and at St. Martin's Hall. Commence at Half-past Seven o'clock.

M. JULLIEN'S CONCERTS—ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.—LAST WEEK BUT THREE.—THE
FALL OF SEBASTOPOL.—M. Jullien has the honour to an-
nounce that the new Grand Descriptive Military Quadrille,
called "THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL," will be performed
every night this week. The Programme will be changed every
evening, and include two Songs by Madame Gassier. Solos, by
Messrs. Konig, Lavigne, Hughes, Retchart, Winterbottom, &c.
with the new *Valse*, *Polka*, &c. M. Jullien's Grand Annual
Bas Masque will take place on Monday, December 17, 1855.

SADLER'S WELLS.—'The Comedy of Errors' has been produced at this theatre, and received with a remarkable amount of favour. The farce-element in it, to which Coleridge refers, seemed to delight as much the audience of this modern time as it did that of the poet's own age. This point, notwithstanding it was so strongly pronounced by the metaphysical critic, has not been sufficiently attended to. It naturally leads to a recognition of the difference between comedy and farce, and similar entertainments of a low dramatic class:

and in this play, according to the philosophical lecturer, "the myrid-minded Man, our, and all men's, Shakspeare," has "presented us with a legitimate farce in exact consonance with the philosophical principles and character of farce." The Shaksperian comedy, indeed, assumes all the licence of this species of stage composition; regarding nothing the probability of the story, and but little its possibility. Even the minute particulars to satisfy the mind carefully intimated by Plautus in his *Menechmi* are neglected in this remote copy, at third or fourth hand, of the Latin play. "The change," rightly remarks Skottowe, "of the younger brother's name by an affectionate grandfather, anxious to perpetuate the name of a darling child, is perfectly natural in *Menechmus*. The change is made in *'The Comedy of Errors'*; but all

change is made in *The Comedy of Errors*, but no mention of the occasion is neglected. It is left equally unaccounted for, how the Dromios became possessed of the same name." The addition of the two Dromios, increasing the perplexity and confusion of the plot to such a degree that, but for the admirable art with which the spectator is conducted to a solution, the whole affair would have been of the most impracticable kind, partakes of the same farce-element. The two *Antipholuses*, Coleridge seems to think, might have been admitted, with certain grains of allowance, into a legitimate comedy;—but certainly not the two Dromios. Farce in introducing them is, in his estimation, "justified by the laws of its end and constitution. In a word, farces commence in a postulate which must be granted." Shakspeare took full advantage of this commencement, and made his postulate as exacting as possible, "fooling" the farce-loving spectator "to the top of his bent." It is clear, however, that at the time of writing this drama the limits of farce and comedy were not strictly defined, and that the interest which it involved was not thought insufficient for a development in five acts. The elaboration which this implies would be absurd in these days, if attempted with a similar theme; nay, the theme itself would be denounced as too simple even for the slightest vaudeville. Nevertheless, our times have witnessed a serious drama in which an indistinguishable likeness between two persons has been successfully delineated; but then this assumption was forced upon the audience by evidence of the fact having actually occurred, and not left to the imagination to accept on its own independent grounds. The play is well acted;—the part of *Antipholus of Syracuse* being sustained with great spirit by Mr. Marston. The two *Dromios* had capital representatives in Mr. Ball and Mr. Fenton. The uproar on the stage excited the hilarity of the pit; and it is seldom that we have witnessed such excessive laughter as greeted the main situations of this eccentric drama.

ADEPHI.—Mr. Bayle Bernard's 'Marie Duange' was revived on Monday, on the re-appearance of Madame Celeste, who performed the part of the Jersey heroine. The drama has much power of situation, and is more full of incident than generally falls to the lot of modern pieces. The restoration of sanity by the reproduction of similar circumstances to those that produced its loss, presents an expedient highly dramatic, and one that gives opportunity to very fine acting on the part of Madame Celeste. The next best piece of performance was that of Miss Kate Kelly in the servant-maid, who has some burthen of narration to support, requiring no small degree of discrimination. *Mr. Prong* furnished to Mr. Rogers much opportunity for caricature, which the actor saw no reason to neglect; while Mr. Selby, as the French inn-keeper, was as natural as he was irascible. Madame Celeste had an enthusiastic reception;—and we may now regard the appointments of the theatre as complete for the current season.

STANDARD.—It is a long while since the heroics of Nat Lee were heard on the English stage, and presented us with an opportunity of estimating the style of elocution necessary for the bombastic verse of such dramas as took the town in Dryden's days. We have now an opportunity of witnessing, at this east-end theatre, the tragedy of 'Alexander the Great.'—the revival

of which is probably owing to Mr. Anderson's taste for declamatory parts. The actors have evidently been schooled to give mouth enough to the grand specimens of rhetoric which all have alike to deliver. The anger of *Alexander* with *Clytus*, and his death, accompanied with madness, call upon the actor's physical powers to the utmost. Mr. Anderson was equal to the occasion; and in his wild leap from the elevated platform into the arms of two sturdy attendants, performed an athletic feat approaching to the terrible. The inflated dialogue was listened to with profound attention and apparent interest; though one or two extravagant specimens of bombast excited laughter and derisive applause, showing that the audience were not without judgment and understanding touching the nature of the drama presented.

NATIONAL OPERA COMPANY.

THE National Opera Company, as might be gathered from our last announcement concerning it, has come to an end, in consequence of the insufficient number of shares applied for. The Committee has issued a valedictory address to the shareholders who did support the scheme, in which they are invited to receive "some short statement relative to the origin and progress of the undertaking, and the intentions and endeavours of the Committee of Management." The document, however, seems intended to reach a wider circle than such few well-wishers as required "scrip"; and as it has been sent to ourselves, in order, we presume, that our readers may profit by the manifesto, we shall extract its important portion. After naming the originator of the scheme,—

In Justice to themselves [continues the Address], the Members of the Committee must beg to impress the fact, that they accepted, individually, the heavy post offered, solely after the refusal, the hesitation, the withdrawal, or the opposition of other gentlemen, highly placed in the musical world. They accepted it with no other views than the desire to establish an enterprise, which, it was hoped, might wipe out a disgrace from the artistic name of this country. They have *lived at their task in a sincere and disinterested spirit, solely for the purpose of a *touching a good cause*.* While hopes of forming the commercial company still remain, they worked for its future interests. They placed themselves in communication, not only with well-known English operatic talent in this country, but also with English artists of eminence, whose musical and dramatic studies had led them abroad. The result justified them in their most sanguine hopes of forming an admirable and efficient working company; and the estimate of the expenses, with the average receipts of the Lyceum Theatre, removed all doubt as to the probable successful working of the theatre in a pecuniary point of view. Designately setting aside all individual interests, they corresponded with most known English composers, in order to obtain original English Operas, as the commencement of a *repertoire*. They formed such plans of management as might insure a succession of novelties. Everything promised well for the prosperity of the undertaking, when once fairly launched.—Unfortunately, after a zealous struggle, the Committee of Management found that there were no present hopes of forming their company of shareholders, and that they had failed in their efforts. This result is, in a great measure, due, it is to be feared, to the antagonistic attitude assumed by those from whom the greatest support and encouragement were naturally expected—that is to say, gentlemen more immediately engaged in the musical profession, and such amateurs as might have been supposed to be most interested in a good cause. thwarted and opposed by those who should have aided most, the Committee of Management, in compiling this Report, have the grief of being obliged to record the above principal cause of failure.

By way of comment on the above, it must first be asked whether the passage marked by ourselves in italics is intended to mean that the Committee of Management purposed to give its services to the National Opera gratuitously. We imagine not; and that its members appealed to the public like any other company of speculators, whose success is to depend on the persuasion of their prospects and the collective weight of their names. Now, the prospectus [*ante*, p. 1155] contained little beyond a "proposition" to give two hundred and forty representations of opera in forty weeks, at the Lyceum; and the scheme virtually rested on the hope of capitalists being found willing to reposit trust in the gentlemen who had associated themselves, whatever they might decide to do. Such capitalists have not come forward. On this the Committee, with "grief," rates the musical profession and amateurs, as having assumed an "antagonistic attitude" to "thwart and oppose" them. Does this mean that our musicians and amateurs declined to take shares?—or that they dis-

suaded others from so doing? As regards the former cause of offence, we hold the musicians' wit good. While we believe as firmly as this grief-stricken and dwarted Committee did, that an English Opera, rightly established, would bring adequate remuneration and profit to all concerned in it, there is nothing that—on principle, and from experience—we view with more distrust than the artist committing his hard-won earnings to what *must* partake of, more or less, the chances of a lottery. To take a higher view, there is nothing more calculated to perpetuate a low tone of feeling—selfish desire for popularity as distinct from progress—than the poet speculating in the stuff of which his own poetry is made. There is nothing again,—to look at the matter from a third side,—more richly qualified to "thwart and oppose" a musical management than a company of musical shareholders: each knot ready with its own plan of revivals, or its own pet composition of novelties;—this party bent on English music, that eager for the disinterment of noble old classical works, which (all noble though they be) are in their tombs. In every point of view, it is sanguineous in "the musicians" to have declined to risk their money. — Of "amateurs," whether as acting, managing, or speculating, it is out of taste to speak critically in public. Let them settle their share of the rebuke in amateur fashion (which is privately) with the Committee.

privately) with the Committee. But the extinct Committee, in issuing this swan-song, has opened itself to another remark. There is "*an absolute shall*" in the allusion to those who "should have aided most" hard to digest. Under the best of circumstances, we doubt the efficacy of committee management, as applied to a theatre. Many musicians and amateurs, however, hold views respecting administration different from ours,—but these may reply to the reproach let loose against them, by declaring that, whatever their feelings concerning Committees in general, this particular Committee did not inspire confidence. Such a line of rejoinder does not imply the slightest imputation on the special accomplishments or endowments of any of its members. Should it be taken, the retiring gentlemen may thank their own want of reserve in laying before the public disappointments, the expression of which had better have been confined to their own board-room, or, at most, to those willing to take share in "The National Opera Company."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—M. Jullien's Concerts are going on as usual. His orchestra is a good one: his programmes contain the customary mixture of what is good music with what is not good;—his manner of conducting has not changed. The Overtures, fragments of Symphonies selected, are not brought nearer to his audience than formerly, by any greater reliance on the part of the players, or greater intelligence in the power presiding. The *solo* players, during his first week, were M. Reichardt on the flute and M. Lavigne on the oboe. The promenade public appears to be thoroughly satisfied with Madame Gassier; yet that Lady's singing is little nearer finished and brilliant singing than mosaic gold is to real metal. She has a strange, extensive voice,—in her 'Sonnambula' *rondo* touching (we believe) *altissimo*. This, as diapasons go, is almost equivalent to one of those topmost notes by which, some eighty years ago, *La Bastardelle* fascinated audiences and composers—little Mozart among the number. Further, Madame Gassier has some natural flexibility, and a long breath; but she is uncertain in her intonation, unmusical in her management of rhythm and accent, and some of her *reoulades* are as little real as those of Signor Fornasari used to be. It will do small damage to her prosperity if we point out, that, in her own style of execution, she must rank far behind Madame La Grange, and even Mdlle.

At the first concert to be given by the *Sacred Harmonic Society* on Friday next, Spohr's 'Last Judgment' and Beethoven's noble Mass in "C" will be performed.—The *London Sacred Harmonic Society* is about to commence its winter campaign at Morden, with 'The Merchant of

luded by a popular chorus, of which Mr. C. Linley is author. The name of the tenor singer engaged, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, is new to us; but the feature of the season, we apprehend, will be the reduction of the prices of admission, which announced.—It is rumoured that the *Harmonic Union* is ill disposed to tempt fortune another year — and that the *New Philharmonic Society* may possibly, if it continue to exist, undergo important changes.—What the *Old Philharmonic* is about there is great difficulty in divining. Are its winter men sleeping in the hope of getting health, strength, and inspiration out of dreams,—or ailing persons sleep when they are “very like dead.”

We have more than once adverted to the financial failure of last year's Norwich Festival, and have indicated the reasons which, we apprehend, may partly account for it. The accounts, we learn from our local contemporaries, were only closed the other day; and the "parents and guardians" of the music-meeting deliberated as to the expediency of trying again, or abandoning the affair hopeless. The result was, a determination to hold another Festival in 1857. There is, therefore, plenty of time to consider by what measures the Norwich Festival may be reinstated in its old and deserved place; and on every account we trust that the deliberations may be wisely conducted, on the large principles of Art, and not those of expediency, and may thus be brought to a good issue.

It has been said in musical circles that a performance of the music to Méhul's *'Joseph'* (with some recitatives) will be given at Court, during the winter.

The Grand Mass to be performed at the Church of St.-Eustache, Paris, for the benefit of the Society of Artist-Musicians, on the 29th inst., instead of St. Cecilia's day, will this year be a new work, written, we are told, expressly for the occasion by M. Gounod. We are justified in remarking that this gentleman is gaining, as a composer, acceptance more rapid than has attended the efforts of his predecessors; and in pointing out the his versatility of production, which of itself would attest his solidity, to those who have studied the history of creative music, is now accredited by the universal adherence of our French, and of some among our English, contemporaries. This retrospect, we repeat, may be permitted to persons who, like ourselves, have undergone abuse and misconstruction,—on the one side, because we will not recognize what appears to us rubbish in Art for treasure; on the other, because we have searched for and tried to recommend what seems real and new, without reference to other considerations.

Signora Penco—another of the Italian *prima donne* of the new school (*no school!*) of singing, has appeared at the Italian Opera-house in Paris. *Desdemona*; and has there found (so far as we are able to paraphrase paragraphs) the new sort of success, which is no success. This tale of failure upon failure is not amusing; but, perhaps, it may be salutary to some one among the myriads desirous of making money as singers, without having care for, or considered, the art of singing. Meanwhile the harlequinade, which is a natural consequence of these restless times, continues.—Mdme. Weithmeyer, a French *mezzo-soprano* of the second class, is giving up France for Italy, where she may learn to destroy her voice as fast as possible. Then, we read of "success" got in Germany by an English lady—Miss Bywater—of Sardinian extraction, to another English lady, Madame Kenneth. How "illogical" all this appears to persons who know the Continent and who know England, and the several wants and tastes of the country in question—it "skills not to tell."

A mistake was made last week, it seems, on the authority of certain foreign journals, in giving Hanover, and not Brunswick, as the *habitat* of the "Berlioz Foundation."—In a letter addressed to Herr Reillstab, of Berlin, to the *Gazette Musicale* of Paris, it is stated that Herr Wagner's "Tannhäuser" will shortly be produced, for the first time, at Berlin.

at Berlin.
Last week attention was called to the general entertainment which might be derived from

Signor Rossini's conversations, as reported by Herr Hiller. In returning to them for an anecdote of special interest, the reader must be reminded of one fact, which (since the time when Signor Rossini condescended to acquiesce in the "noble pasticcio" business, the concoction of "Robert le Bruce") has become familiar to the professional public,—namely, that no one dealing with him is secure against a joke. Thus, though Herr Hiller may not be another *Mrs. Harris*, Signor Rossini's confessions to the worthy Cologne *Kapellmeister* concerning his birth and education may prove no more worthy of trust than his compliments to M. — on his instrumentation, or than his well-remembered recommendation to London of an elderly *prima donna* who had never sung in an orchestra till she arrived in the Hanover Square Rooms! — Yet the following passages are amusing, and we paraphrase them, because, if they may be relied on, they add something to our knowledge of the early life and training of one who is the greatest musical composer living. After Signor Rossini had been speaking of his studies in the *Liceo* of Bologna, under Padre Mattei, and describing that Professor's master as a master excellent when the pen was in his hand, otherwise as a teacher by correction.—

"Where," says Herr Hiller, "did you begin to learn music?" "In Bohemia," is the reply. One Prinetti of Novara gave me lessons on the violin. He was an ordinary fellow, who made a sort of liqueur and gave piano forte lessons. He never got into a bed, but used to sleep in it. He stood, * * would wrap himself at night in his cloak, go into some arcade, and sleep. The watchmen knew him, so let him alone. He used to come to me very early in the morning, —get me out of bed, which I could not bear, and make me play. Sometimes he had not had a sleep enough; and, while I worked away at the crept, he used to drop off, standing; and then I used to creep into bed, * * His method was not of the newest: he let me play the scales with my thumb and forefinger."

—To the above sketch of this precious Professor, we may add, that Signor Rossini confesses to have studied figured-bass and accompaniment with one Angelo Tesei,—to have learnt singing from an old tenor singer, Babini,—to have entered the "Liceo" of Bologna in the last year of Morlacchi's studies there; and states, that his own third year in the same musical college was Donizetti's first season.

A Correspondent courteously rebukes our forgetfulness of old Spanish drama, by stating, in answer to our question of last week, that a "Saynete" is a sort of interlude (comic) in the Spanish drama—an old, at least, as *Lope de Vega*."

Signora Ristori, we read in the Belgian papers, has intrusted Signor dall' Ongaro, of Brussels, with a translation into Italian verse of 'Phèdre,' which she intends to appear in that new part at Turin.

The following theatrical report from Richmond, Virginia, U.S., which we extract from the *New York Herald*, will "get a laugh" from those who divert themselves with unrehearsed stage-effects. —

On the evening when the news of the fall of Sebastopol reached Richmond, Va., J. H. Taylor was playing *Hamlet* and in the last scene, when he exclaimed—

— Oh ! die, Horatio ;
The potent poison quite o'ercomes my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
— a spectator cried out, “ Die away, old hoss ; Sebastopol

MISCELLANEA

A Descendant of Blake.—The progeny of great men seem to be in the ascendant just now. A descendant of Blake! Such is the tempting title of a romantic paragraph which appeared in a morning contemporary on Thursday. The story is a pretty one, and runs thus:—“There is now working in Southampton Docks a labouring man named Samuel Chapman, a direct descendant of Sarah Blake, the sister of the great admiral of that name who fought our sea-battles in Cromwell’s time. She was attainted of high treason for carrying the sword and Bible to the Duke of Monmouth. Chapman has in his possession the original document by which she was pardoned by James the Second, in 1687. This document is a very curious one, and in excellent preservation. The pardon is general, and exempts her from all future prosecutions. It is written on vellum, with a profuse

pictured margin, in Latin, and in an engrossing hand. The pardon is granted to Sarah Blake, spinner, late of Taunton. After being pardoned, she married William Chapman, who was the last mayor of Chard, in Somerset. A large sum of money was raised by the Blake family to obtain the pardon. The document spoken of is evidently one of those issued by James the Second for raising revenue. Samuel Chapman was the grand-nephew of a Mary Chapman, who left large property, which got into Chancery, and which he was unable to obtain through his poverty. The document has been exhibited at Mr. Pegler's, the watchmaker, in Southampton, and has excited considerable curiosity, not only as a relic of the family of one of the greatest men in English history, but also of the iniquitous practices of the last of the Stuarts."—This, as we have said, is a pretty story—and we are sorry to spoil it. But facts are despotic. Blake was never married; and of course he had no "descendants." The Sarah Blake who carried the Bible and sword was not Blake's sister. Blake had no sister Sarah. The Sarah Blake of the Bible and sword was not even "of the family" of the great Admiral.

Bailey and Calderon.—Permit me to point out a resemblance, or coincidence of idea, the more curious as I presume it is altogether accidental, between a passage in Mr. Bailey's "Mystic," as quoted in your review of that poem [Athen. No. 1460] and one in Calderon's "El Purgatorio de San Patricio" (Keil's edition, Vol. I. p. 53). It will be perceived that the planetary gifts are somewhat differently deduced by the two poets; but on the whole the similarity is so striking that with the exception of that tremendous line beginning "The god of psychopompous function," Mr. Bailey's version might be considered a free and spirited translation from the Spanish. As Calderon is not in every one's hands, and as the beautiful language of his country is not as widely cultivated as it deserves to be, I subjoin the original, as well as a translation taken from Mr. McCarthy's "Dramas of Calderon," Vol. II. p. 162.—I am, &c.

A READER.

From Bailey's "Mystic."
He at his birth the starry stamps received,
For every limb held communion with its god,
And planetary gifts plenipotent;
The moon dispensed him riches, and the sun
Mind-wealth, that so before his dazé eye
The splendid spectrum of immortal fame
Perpetual danced; soul-compulsive power,
The god of psychopompous function, round
Circling the sun with four-fold source, love's star.
The joys that come with beauteous shapes and eyes
Dewy and blue; courage the god-star red;
Supremacy and justice they who held
Successive, if usurped sway, o'er the skies.

From Calderon's "El Purgatorio de San Patricio."

Sospacho,
Que todos siete planetas,
Turbados y descompuestos
Asistieron desigual
A mi infeliz nacimiento.
La Luna me dió inconstancia
En la condición, ingenio
Mercurio mal empleado,
(Mejor fuera tuero).
Venus lasciva me dió
Apetitos lisonjeros,
Y Marte anima cruel;
(Que no daran Marte y Venus?)
El Sol me dió condición
Muy generosa, y por serlo,
Si no tengo que gastar,
Harto y roba quanto puedo;
Jupiter me dió soberbia,
De bizarros pensamientos;
Saturno colera y rabia,
Valor, y animo resuelto
A traiciones; y a estas causas
Se han seguido los efectos.

Jornada I.

I suspect that all
The planets seven, in wild confusion strange,
Assisted at my most unhappy birth,
The fickle Moon gave me inconstancy,
Mercury gave me genius ill employed,
(Far better not to have received the gift!)
Lascivious Venus gave me siren passions,
And ruddy Mars a hard and cruel mind.
(What will not Mars and Venus jointly give?)
The Sun conferred upon me rank and state,—
Which to support I scrubbed not the means.
Jupiter gave me pride and lofty thought;
And Saturn blinded in my complex nature
Rage, anger, valour, and a ready mind;—
And biting fruits have grown from out these lusts.

"Dramas of Calderon," by D. F. McCarthy,
London, 1853.

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It is proved by demonstration, that joint-stock banking, under proper supervision, affords a most legitimate and unusually profitable field for the investment of capital. The dividends paid by the Banks above quoted vary from 6 to 25 per cent., and the latest quotations of their shares show an increase of from 55 to 225 per cent. on their paid-up capital. The real increase, however, in the value of the shares may be better understood, by the fact that the paid-up capital of these six Banks is £8,171,035*l.* It has thus increased two-and-a-half fold, so that every £1. has now become 27*l.*, and there is every prospect of this amount continuing to increase in value.

hand, it must be remembered that hitherto persons have taken their banking account where personal feeling, accommodation, or convenience of locality might lead them. Now, for the first time, by the introduction of the principle of mutuality, self-interest, is appealed to. And when, to the large number of the public attracted by this all-powerful stimulus, is added the number of the connexions of the Unity Insurance Association in all parts of the country, who have a peculiar identification with and interest in its success, it may fairly be stated, that unfeigned data are available sufficient to form an estimate of the advantages which both the shareholders and customers will derive from the Unity Bank.

Great difficulty exists in estimating the effect likely to be produced by the establishment of this new and most desirable feature in banking. It is one that must become highly popular with every commercial interest, and with every class of the public, because its simplicity and advantages are at once to be seen and appreciated.

To those great commercial bodies which are compelled to have large cash balances constantly at their disposal, it will prove to be a serious consideration, and a most important source of profit. The railway, dock, gas, water, steam navigation, insurance, and other companies, professionals, merchants, brokers, gentlemen of fortune, and traders of all kinds, will duly estimate the difference in the system now proposed, from that heretofore existing. In fine, as joint-stock banks became a public necessity, as now is proved, so will the principle of mutuality—whereby these admirable institutions may be rendered still more serviceable to the public, and in no way less safe—demand the best consideration of the community at large.

Business to be undertaken.

All the usual business of banking will be undertaken; and arrangements will be made for extending the transactions of the Bank in every desirable quarter.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS will be made up half-yearly, namely—to the 30th of June and the 31st of December, and interest will be allowed at the rate of 2*l.* per cent. on these.

DEFERRED ACCOUNTS.—With respect to these, the rate of interest allowed on money placed at seven days' notice will be 6*l.* per cent., under the rate of discount on draft-class bills adopted by the Bank of England, regulated thereby. The Bank will give receipts for the sums so deposited, or, for the convenience of depositors leaving England, promissory notes, or bills, including interest as well as principal, at not less than 6*l.* per cent. per annum.

The Bank will undertake the agency of country and foreign banks, whether joint-stock or private, and will afford every accommodation to travellers and others, with respect to circular notes and letters of credit. It will receive all kinds of income for its customers, including annuities, dividends, military, naval, and civil officers' pay. It will undertake the safe and transfer of stock in the public funds, &c. &c., and will be responsible for the safe custody of title-deeds and other securities belonging to its customers, to which they will at all times have convenience of access.

Applications for Prebates, and Forms of Application for the remaining Shares, to be made to Messrs. R. & J. Sutton, Stock-brokers, 22, Royal Exchange; or to the Secretary, at the principal Offices, 8 & 10, Cannon-street, City.

HENRY LAKE, Secretary.

Form of Application for Shares.

To the Directors of the Unity Joint-Stock Mutual Banking Association.

Gentlemen.—I request that you will allot me shares of 100*l.* each in the above Association; and in consideration of such allotment, or any less number you may appropriate to me, I hereby undertake to pay the deposit, or first call of 10*l.* per share thereon, and 4*l.* at the time of incorporation. I further undertake to execute the deed of settlement when required.

Dated this day, 185*l.*

Reference

Names (in full)

Residence

Profession or trade

Place of business

UNITY

JOINT-STOCK MUTUAL BANKING ASSOCIATION.

Principal Offices: Unity-buildings, 8 & 10, Cannon-street, City.

CLOSING OF THE SHARE LIST.

NOTICE is hereby given that no further application for SHARES in this Bank will be received after Friday, the 30th of November.

By order, HENRY LAKE, Secretary.

Unity-buildings, 9th November, 1855.

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